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PICTORIAL

LADIES WEEKLY

A NEWSPAPER FOR THE WOMEN OF NORTH AMERICA.

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"A woman's rank lies in the fulness of her womanhood: therein alone she is royal."—GEORGE ELIOT.

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A GOOD LISTENER.

THE

Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

FOR SALE BY NEWSDEALERS EVERYWHERE.

EDITED BY

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Visitors to the Sanctum.

"A newspaper office seems to attract every conceivable sort of person."
—RUDYARD KIPLING.

IT is a dismal proceeding at best to read through half-a-dozen comic papers. Yet that is what I did on a rainy day of this week. When I got through with the reading I was in as bad a state of protest as ever was an election or a bank note. How many "mother-in-law" jokes do you think I read? I counted, not out of curiosity, but in simple rage—only one hundred and thirty-two. I am aware that to make this article interesting I ought to run it up among the thousands, but this is a true story. There were four hundred and sixty-five jokes on darkies playing poker, thirty on broken-off engagements, seventy-five on the bichloride of gold cure, 672 on drunken men, 304 on Jews and pawn-shops, 188 on unhappy married people or divorces, 520 on waiting in restaurants, 800 on poets walking into editor's rooms with spring poems, 290 on pretty typewriters. Then there were some few hundred side-hits at society girls, dudes, precious infants, rustic innocence, malapropos remarks, Boston culture, would-be artists, barbers loquacity, sham beggars, crying babies, Irish bulls, house-cleaning, plumbers, goats, flannel shirts shrinking, women's new hats and tramps.

I dislike particularly the "mother-in-law" joke, and if one ever gets in this paper, it will be without my knowledge or consent. To begin with, I do not think the subject appropriate for joking. If there is one relationship more sacred and tender than another it is that of mother and daughter, and it is distressing to think of laughing at a joke which turns on—as such jokes invariably do—a straining of that relationship. I cannot believe that women laugh at this sort of thing. Either the sense of motherhood or of daughterhood is much too strong in a nice woman to permit of tearing at her heart-strings in this manner. No girl is going to see anything funny in a quarrel or a lack of affection between the man she is good enough to fling herself away on, and her own mother. No mother, certainly, can regard this sort of witticism with any degree of tenderness. The very suggestion of such a horrible state of affairs is unpleasant in the extreme.

What men think about it I don't know. They enjoy the jokes I suppose. I never pretend to understand men. They certainly see jokes where a woman never can—and does not want to. They are strange creatures. I suppose the comic papers are written for men. But couldn't someone start a funny paper for women, without a "mother-in-law" joke in it?

THE jokes on drunken men are not quite so bad. There is something funny in the conduct of a man the worse of liquor, no matter what other feelings have possession of your mind. If one could forget the indicrous object was a fellow-being and imagine him one of the lower animals the joke would be funnier. But it hurts one's pride to put him on a level with the rest of us. And then it is very different from seeing a drunken man in *propria persona*.

Most jokes have an element of pain in them and turn on some phase of human distress, whether it be degradation, poverty, troubles, personal injuries, rebuffs, fights or other calamities and the idea is, that we laugh at other people in trouble because we are, ourselves, free from it. Joking about measles or mumps when you have them is not to be tolerated. Likewise if your brother or father be a drunkard, you naturally fail to see anything excruciatingly funny in stories of other men as degraded. If your new flannel dress or skirt, as the case may be, has shrunk to a size for the Lilliputians, you are rather bored by jokes on that subject. But let the joke be on somebody else's troubles and you guffaw to your heart's content. It is a queer world.

"AND is it th' you have seen the 'ighlanders' parade," asked madame, as I fixed her in my easiest chair.

I answered in the affirmative. "I find it very dreadful" this sweetest-faced lady went on. "Oh! I see 'em in the park and I say to Henri, "Drive away home quick, fast, and he say that he wish to see 'em and I have to stay. But oh, it is very bad, and she shook her head. I love madame with all my heart but I can never go back on anything Scotch." So I pointed out the beauty of their uniforms and wanted to know why she disliked our new regiment, the brave highlanders. She however gave me to understand, with gentle insistence, that she really could not enter into her reasons.

"Good gracious!" I said, is it the kilts you object to?

I had to explain what the kilts were.

"Ah no!" and her gentle gravity became almost dignity, "I do not object to anything they have on."

"I see" I said thoughtfully, and a long silence crept out of the pigeon-holes.

But madame was too valuable a *raconteur* to be allowed to remain silent and I soon got her talking again. I wish I could give her accent on paper, but it is too indefinably foreign to be even suggested. Her English is good and with her singularly pure, clear voice, and faint, French accent, she is charming to listen to. Her sentences are carefully worked out and she takes pains to speak slowly with the result that one feels her words are studied and that one would like it a little better if she kept to the broken English so many of her compatriots use. I give her story as nearly as I can remember it.

"It was long ago and Marie left me for only one year. She went to visit a friend from the same convent where my Marie had been, yes, a school-friend and I did not see her for one whole year and then she come back very thin and pale, and when I ask her what is the matter, she just smile sad-like and say:

"Nothing at all."

But I know better and I just watch every day. By-and-bye she get a letter and there is a man's hand-writing on the envelope and I say to myself: My child have a lover, and she keeps a secret from me—her mother, and I feel very sad but she say nothing and I watch again. She is still sad and quiet and I think horrible things in my heart about the man—I know not who he is.

But one day he come and say to her: "Marie, why you not write me?" and she smile very sad and say to him, that I am her mother, and he bow very low to me and say: "Madame, I love your daughter. She promise to marry me, and when I write and ask when I may come to ask her mother for her, she never answer my letter." Then he stride very fierce about the room and I sit down shaking all over and feeling bad, very bad. Then Marie come to me and she say that "she love me only" and the man he say:

"'What for you say, you love me?' and Marie she just hold her hands to her ears, and will not listen to him. I think she must be crazy and I speak hard to her. But she just walk out of the room and bye-and-bye the man go away and say he come back at night. Then Marie she tell me that there is another man too, and she do not know which she likes the best and she say that it is making her pale and thin. Then I am very angry with her, and I say that she must marry one that I, her mother, shall choose. But she cry and say she do not know what to do. When one of them, she say, is there she like the other best. But that night both the men came, one after the other, and I am distracted but Marie is cool. She say: 'Perhaps I can tell better if they are both here at the same time.' 'But my child,' and Madame rises from the chair, 'it is late and I must go.'

"'Oh Madame!' I say, almost in tears, 'you must tell me the rest.' 'Ah! no. It is very late. I have not time now,' she said. as I help her on with her wraps.

"'Oh! but Madame——' I was afraid to urge her. She expects such deference.'

"'Tell me, anyway, which one she married.'

"She shook her head gently. 'It is too long a story. And the time,' I reluctantly assisted her in her departure. No entreaties had any effect upon her.

"'Perhaps some other day,' she said smiling as I saw her to her carriage and as she drove away I made one more effort. Then leaning out of the carriage Madame threw a kiss to me and I heard the words:

"'Next week.'"

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Our English Letter.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, May 10th, 1892.

I am just off to Scarborough and York, so you must not expect a very long letter this week. We are all wishing the Easter holidays had come a week or so earlier this year for, alas! all that fine, warm weather has departed and we seem to have returned to mid-winter—cold winds and incessant rain. Certainly the weather we have had lately was too good to last. Would you believe it (?) on some days the temperature was hotter than the average in July and August for the last two years. The sudden change in the weather seems very general; even the sunny south of France has had much rain, and the Queen and other royal visitors have not been able to enjoy their usual walks and drives. The Prince of Wales seems to have benefitted less than all the other members of his family by their stay at Cap Martin. He seems quite unable to get over his trouble, and although it is three months since his son's death the Prince feels it still as keenly as ever. It can, I think, hardly be wondered at that he continues to brood on his trouble. You see, now he is debarred from all society but that of his family circle, and is thrown completely on his own resources. From his earliest years of manhood he has been accustomed to a perpetual round of engagements of duty or pleasure; every hour of every day has been filled up, and he has had little time to rest, and still less to think. This terrible grief comes, and his life seems a blank—no engagements, no amusements, no society, nothing to distract his sad thoughts. Small wonder that he nurses his grief! The Duke and Duchess of Fife are travelling in Italy, and, strange as it may seem, the Duchess sees most, if not all, of the ancient cities for the first time. She is reported to be delighted with her tour, and to be looking very well and happy. Prince Alfred of Edinburgh is now convalescent, but I am sorry to hear he has some internal weakness and is never likely to be very robust. How delicate most of the Queen's grandsons seem to be. I read the other day that five out of seventeen have died. Princess Royal lost two sons, Princess Alice one, Princess Christian one and the Prince of Wales one. Of the twenty-two granddaughters only one, Princess Alice's little daughter, has died. Do you know the Queen really possesses a real, bona-fide old-fashioned birthday book?—not an autograph album—and it is one of the most gracious marks of Her Majesty's favor to anyone who has been presented to her to be asked to sign their name in this interesting book. What a delightful book it must be! All the names contained therein must be more or less famous in one way or another. Among the latest signatures are those of the Crimean veterans to whom Her Majesty gave an audience the other day at Hyeres. I am devoutly glad I am not a lady-in-waiting at the German court, for—just imagine it!—not only has the German Empress given up novel-reading herself, on religious grounds, but she has actually laid commands upon the women of her court to abstain from this delightful pastime also. How unlike our dear Queen! She is uncommonly fond of a good novel and likes the new ones to be read to her as soon as they come out. Talking about books reminds me of what a week I have spent among magazines and periodicals of all descriptions. A friend asked me for advice as to the best magazine to take in; so in duty bound I was obliged to look over—well, I really do not know how many; I was going to say hundreds. The name of the monthly and weekly magazines is really legion, and I think that I am not exaggerating when I say that every week sees the birth of at least one new one. I fear many of them are very shortlived, and it is a fact not to be wondered at, for although this is undoubtedly a reading age it is only the best and the cheapest which can succeed and become popular. We want so much for our money in this nineteenth century! Of course there is always a rush for the first numbers of anything new in the way of periodicals, and we hear that such and such one is going to be a grand success; but we fickle people find that quite the latest venture contains more news, or is more amusingly written. I heard of a new illustrated paper which has recently appeared, the first number of which cost the proprietors £30,000, and, alas, it is already reported to be a failure. I have come across some very delightful articles in many of the magazines; several which I am sure would interest you greatly. In *Black and White* there is now appearing a really clever thing, "The Great War of 1892"; it is wonderfully realistic, and I find it often hard to believe that it is only an imaginary war which is described. In *The Gentlewoman* there is a very extraordinary serial story, "The Fate of Fenella"; the tale itself is not much, but it is certainly a literary curiosity, each chapter being written by a different well-known author. I have been reading an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, entitled "Is Modesty Decaying," or rather "The Decay of Modesty in Women." It is a very sweeping denunciation of the whole sex with regard to modesty. You know I am an ardent admirer of Mrs. Linton, her novels and essays, but I must confess I am somewhat disgusted at this article of hers. She is altogether too unjust to her sisters. I only wish I could have time to tell you some of her hard words; I hope you may have an opportunity of reading the article for yourself some day. I was quite rejoiced to find in another paper a very clever answer to Mrs. Linton, written by Mrs. Arthur Stannaed, the renowned authoress of "Bootles' Baby." She certainly takes up the cudgels in behalf of her sisters to some effect, and it is very amusing to read the two sides of the story. I have lately been to some splendid concerts and performances of sacred music. Every year it is becoming more and more the fashion in Lent to give these performances in the churches in London. Stainer's "Crucifixion" and Gounod's "Mors et Vita" are the most general, of course, and in some of the West End Churches they have been rendered splendidly with an orchestra, full choir and professional soloists. Every Sunday

afternoon during the winter months a free organ recital of sacred music is given at the Albert Hall. Of course there are many people who think this a great desecration of the Sabbath, but I must say I think it is a great pity there are not more sacred concerts on a Sunday afternoon. Every one must allow that time would be better spent in listening to good music than in the public-house.

My prediction was wrong with regard to the winner of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. Oxford won easily by two boat-lengths. Those who saw the race tell me it was most exciting and quite the quickest race on record. Fortunately the weather was all that could be wished, bright sunshine and only a very little easterly wind. How often I remember, when the race has been a fortnight or three weeks earlier, standing or sitting in the bitterest east wind for hours, as it seemed, and wondering how I could have been foolish enough to undergo so much for the excitement of a few moments. We are to have a new sort of omnibus in London, so we are informed by some of our daily papers. It will be a polycycle, a sort of elongated tandem tricycle, which will seat eight or ten persons, who will ride in couples side by side. And, isn't it amusing? the passengers will be expected to do their share of the work; but the official who sits in front will be entirely responsible for the steering arrangements. Penny fares will be the rule, as with omnibuses. I have heard so much about collecting postage stamps for charitable purposes, and have always had a sort of idea that it was so much waste of time, that I was quite interested in reading a short notice in the *Queen* about a really charitable use for old stamps. It appears that in the small town of Locle, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, there is a model orphanage, whose funds have of late years been greatly increased by the sale of old, used stamps. In case you or any of your friends should feel inclined to contribute to the feeding and education of destitute children by sending stamp offerings, I will give you a few hints. Stamps are useless (except very rare ones) unless they are quite whole and have the perforated edges. The price of the stamps varies so much that contributors are invited to send all sorts. Stamps must be cut from the envelopes, but the paper at the back need not be removed, unless it is done to lessen the cost of carriage of large numbers. It is not worth while to divide stamps in packets of fifty or a hundred, for they mostly have to be sorted again. Embossed stamps and the printed ones on postcards and wrappers are more valuable than the ordinary ones, but in cutting them off a margin of half an inch must be left. The stamps are sold amongst friends, or through the medium of shop-keepers, who exhibit sheets of them in their windows and accept no commission for selling them. All stamps should be sent to Mlle. Huguerim, Rue Bournot, Locle, Switzerland. Have you ever been to a Jewish wedding? I received an invitation to one the other day, and was much interested in the ceremony. A large velvet canopy was erected in the Synagogue; first the bridegroom was escorted to his place under this by two men, and shortly after he was joined by the bride, in correct modern bridal attire, and led by two maidens. The parties are placed opposite each other, and the officiating Rabbi then taking a glass of wine in his hand said some words which were inaudible to me and presented the wine to the bride and bridegroom, who both drank of it. The bridegroom then takes the ring, and, putting it on the bride's finger, says, "Behold thou art wedded to me with this ring, according to the law of Moses and Israel." The marriage contract was then read, and occupied some time. This done the Rabbi took another glass of wine and repeated seven benedictions. The bride and bridegroom drank the wine as before, and then the glass was thrown on the ground and the bridegroom stamped upon it and broke it to pieces. I was told this part of the ceremony is intended as an indication of the frailty of human life. Then all the company shouted, or rather exclaimed, "Good luck to you!" and embraced one another all round. I believe the wedding festivities are supposed to continue for seven days. The *Strand Magazine* for April contains a most interesting article about the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava. You know he has lately been appointed as the new Ambassador to France, in the room of Lord Lytton. I well remember how popular both he and Lady Dufferin were many years ago, when I was in Canada, and this popularity seems to have been as great when he was Ambassador to St. Petersburg, later Viceroy of India, and Ambassador to Rome. Lady Dufferin is already winning golden opinions in the French capital, although she has not yet begun to visit or receive. Some time ago I read of an American lady who always kept a complete specimen of her most becoming and beautiful toilettes. Now I read in *The Gentlewoman* that all the dresses and robes ever worn by the Queen are always kept and laid by. The homely gowns of every day use are carefully preserved in large cabinets at Windsor, as well as the state robes and those used at her bridal and coronation. It is suggested that if Her Majesty could be persuaded to allow some of the more interesting robes to be exhibited some day for the benefit of one of the charities in which she is interested, how the people would flock to see. I have actually been persuaded into leaving my delightful, cosy bed at the unearthly hour of 5 a. m. to pay a visit to Covent Garden market. I am told the morning of Easter eve is the one day in the year to see the market at its best, but as I shall be very far away from London then I chose one of the beautiful mornings last week. The sight was certainly a novel one, and I felt quite repaid for my self-denial in getting up so early. It is indeed a busy scene, and one can hardly realize how early in the day it really is when one sees such a pushing, jostling crowd. The buildings are opened to buyers as early as 4 o'clock, and business is kept up pretty briskly until eight or nine; at ten there is usually an auction of the flowers remaining, which are usually bought by middlemen, who retail them to the flower-girls and hawkers. The arum lilies this year are exceptionally fine, and I am sure the churches will reap the benefit. The market was a wonderful mass of lilies, jonquils, daffodils, narcissi, hyacinths, tulips, primroses, violets, etc, and all looking as fresh as if they had just been plucked. In future I shall recommend Covent Garden market at 5 a. m. as one of the sights of London which should not be missed. Next week I will give you a short description of my holiday and the places I have seen. Weather permitting, I hope to visit York and Whitby, as well as Scarborough.

Here is a good recipe for railway pudding: Six ounces of flour, two eggs, four ounces of sugar, six ounces of lard, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonfuls of milk. Put the flour, sugar and one ounce of lard in a basin and rub smoothly together, then put in the baking powder; beat the eggs in a separate basin and add to them the milk; mix this with the dry ingredients. Melt one ounce of lard in a Yorkshire pudding tin, pour in the mixture and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes. Cut it in half, spread it with jam, fold as a sandwich, sift sugar over the top and serve at once.

Annie Vaughan

Prominent Canadian Women.

No. 9. Sketch of Lady Tilley's Life.

BY MRS. J. SHENTON.

We do not turn to the enchanting portrait galleries of the notable women of past times, whose originals have lain for centuries in the dust, for our heroines, as the life-shore of the nineteenth century is washed by an incoming flood-tide of no less gifted and distinguished personages. In the portraiture of human character the standard

Sincerely Yours
Alice Tilley

of comparison is fidelity to truth, and no studied encomiums are needed when a subject exemplifies the best virtues of Christianity by the silent workings of the soul-life, imperceptibly drawing by its large-heartedness and love. In every age and country the condition of women is the criterion of its civilization. The women of to-day has a well defined individuality, as she stands in the rarefied atmosphere of the upland of ages. She has grown glad and strong in the bracing air and brighter light of the last century. There are many grand and noble women of all countries and ranks of society who crowd on our memory as we write, but it will be our duty and pleasure to cull a few flowers from a fragrant boquet, a few leaves from an enduring garland, as we present to our readers a biographical sketch of Lady Tilley, wife of Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, K.C.M.G. The loved and popular Lieut-Governor of the province of New Brunswick, and one of the most prominent of our Canadian statesmen.

The subject of this sketch was the eldest daughter of L. Chipman, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick, and spent her early years previous to her marriage, near the banks of the beautiful St. Croine, in St. John at school, and in England where she visited relatives and friends. In 1877, immediately after Confederation, her marriage took place, and the first home of married life was in Ottawa. After living there seven years her husband was appointed Lieut-Governor of his native province, which office he held till 1878. It was the first time that a total abstainer, a temperance man, had occupied that position, and to Lady Tilley's praise be it said, that it was her chief aim and object to establish the fact that social entertainment could be given without wine, "Feeling" as she said, "that in a position of that kind her influence was widespread, and she must use it for the good of others." Although the broad-minded, cultured woman is becoming more and more the rule in society it is only here and there that one can be found competant to lead the reforms of the age. Lady Tilley, both by nature and position, was eminently fitted to perform that duty. Her home is the centre of attraction and domestic enjoyment.

In person she is tall, dignified and graceful in manners; having a good mind and general intelligence; amiable in disposition; refined in feeling, affection and taste; prudent and ch ste in conversation and conduct; generous and sympathetic for the needy and suffering, and with a soul prompted to lend a helping hand to the great army of God's workers, who are doing what they can to lift humanity a little nearer the light and life that beams from the throne.

In 1878, Sir Leonard again entered the political field with the triumphant result so well known. And again at Ottawa, where social duties and responsibilities were enlarged, Lady Tilley was true to her principles, and the sanction of her social position was given to the Temperance cause. And it was generally conceded, that her dinners and balls were quite as brilliant and enjoyable as any given there. After seven years of mental and physical toil, Sir Leonard's health failed, and he was obliged to resign his departmental duties in connection with parliamental life, and was reappointed Lieut-Governor of New Brunswick, and the people, among whom he had grown up, gladly welcomed him back, as a man whose high-toned honor had never allowed him to stoop to the designs and artifices of meaner minds.

Lady Tilley, speaking of that time says, "When we returned to Fredricton I felt my responsibility in trying to do something for the sick and suffering. "And the Lady dreamed of succor to the helpless and of deeds pious and merciful, whose beauty breeds good deeds in others, copying what is done, and hiding all by settled thoughts begun." The outcome of that prompting was Victoria Cottage Hospital, Fredricton, N. B., commenced 21st June, 1887, opened 21st June, 1888." A short account of a little work begun in faith by Lady Tilley, finds the author saying,

> What various instruments the Master useth,
> To carry on his work of grace below,

I made my request known to Him by prayer, asking if there was a work for me to do, it might be made very plain, and if He would be my Guide and Counsellor I would undertake anything. The answer to my prayer was like a revelation, and the plan was revealed to me that day like the unfolding of the leaves of a rose. When the evening came it was so mirrored on my brain, so wonderfully complete that I could see it like a painted picture. To me it seemed no great undertaking, He was the master-builder, I only His workman, ready and willing to do whatever He told me, and with one of old could say, "It would be begun, continued and ended in Thee."

This work was the offspring of faith in God, and to-day is a monument, a temple, dedicated in His Name to the cause of humanity, where all may lay their gifts on the same altar, and in communion listen to the Divine words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these ye have done it to me!"

> And as the years glide on and only bring
> Light and more light upon the shining way.

We find Lady Tilley's first public work after removing to St. John was in connection with a long-felt need, "The Nurse's Home." All denominations lent a helping hand to the public spirited undertaking, and as a reward to her perseverence and tact, the Institution was finished and furnished where those nursing by day or night can find the comfort and rest of a cheerful home. And keeping pace with the spirit of the times, she has preferred a request, and obtained consent to have the old penitentiary turned into a reformatory. A generous gift from herself and husband brings the matter before the people in a way that will meet with a glad response "for he who will not give some portion of his wealth for other's good is a poor frozen churl."

In the world of art Lady Tilley deserves more than a passing notice. She paints a great deal, and the picture, "The Communicants," which she presented to the Nurses' Home received many complimentary criticisms.

As will be seen by this imperfect sketch, the subject does not betake herself to the lecture platform and present absurd claims, and utopian schemes to remedy existing evils. But she realizes that woman's chief power is her influence, and has proved that there are numberless ways of exerting oneself for the good of others.

As a Christian wife and mother and philanthropist she moves on the higher plane, loving and living in the noblest things. And in her beautiful home in our grand old city by the sea, with husband and sons for fellow workers, her life glides on.

> A life not marked by noise, but by success alone,
> Not known by bustle, but by useful deeds,
> Wasting no needless sound, yet ever working
> Hour after hour upon a needy world.

Mrs. Shenton is a friend of Lady Tilley and what she says of her is noteworthy.—Ed.

In this series have already appeared:
No. 1—Lady Stanley.
" 2—Hon. Mrs. Dewdney, Ottawa.
" 3—Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Ottawa.
" 4—Miss Marjorie Campbell, Toronto.
" 5—Miss Pauline Johnson, Brantford.
" 6—Agnes Maule Machar, Kingston.
" 7—Mrs Emily Nelson, Victoria, B. C.
" 8—Madame d'Auria, Toronto.

Mr. Strokes.—"What course are you taking at college!"
Charlie Rahrah.—"Oh! I'm a 'special student.'"
Mr. Stokes.—"What studies do you have?"
Charlie Rahrah.—"Baseball and Old Testament History, with three cuts a week on the history."

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

To a Hepatica.

How cam'st thou boldly thus to rise
And, unannounced, to view the skies,
Beaming on thee with starry eyes,
O dainty-hued Hepatica?
The winter wind and blinding snows
Could scarce have sweetened thy repose,
O starry-leaved Hepatica!

As bitter storms have beaten down,
As angry tempests darkening frown
Has lowered upon thine upturned face,
All trusting in its tender grace;
As ever Northern daisy met,
Or deep empurpled violet,
Close-nestled in the mossy heath,
Made odorous with the violet's breath.

But February snows would fain,
Or the wild winds of March, detain
Imprisoned in its native earth,
The blossom bursting into birth.

Then tender April's tears fast fell
Bedewing many a mossy dell,
Where May's bright blossoms blushed thereafter;
Where mingled with the joyous laughter
Of bubbling brooklets, running streams,
Sounds, sweeter than are heard in dreams;
And make divinest harmonies
With sap quick coursing through the trees,
All tremulous on the gentle breeze,
But, like the music of the spheres,
Inaudible to mortal ears,

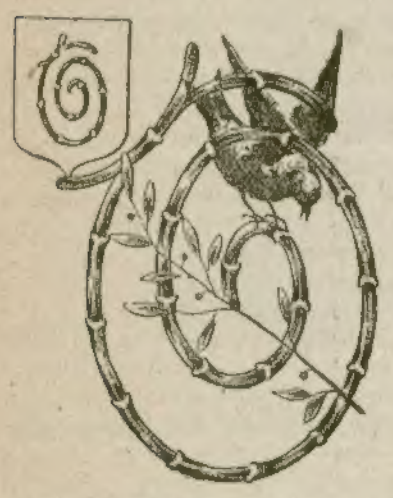
And, when through April's tears the sunlight shone
The dew-dimmed faces of the flowers upon,
The laureate lark poured forth his voice to greet,
With lofty melody, thy blossoms sweet;
And now the notes of the triumphant thrush
In gladsome outburst of thanksgiving rush
In unrestrained music on the ear,
And love-awakened linnets' softer strains anear,
Blend in the choral unison, to raise
Alike a song of welcome and of praise.

MARGARET SADIE HENDERSON.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

The Angel of Sorrow.

"Cometh white-robed Sorrow weary and worn, and flingeth wide open the gates she may not enter—almost we linger with Sorrow for very love."
GEORGE MCDONALD.



ONE morning in the springtime, before the flowers were fully opened, and while yet the grass was wet with dew, Hildebrande set forth in search of the Land of Day, where the sun never sets, neither is darkness ever known at all. He had heard of the way that it was long, that many dangers beset the travellers who journeyed along its rugged paths. Nevertheless, he started on his way without fear, and with a joyful heart. For the songs of the birds were in his ears, and the rays of the morning sun gladdened his eyes; and, as he thought of the Land of day, and of the King thereof whom he had never seen, but whom yet he loved, he quickened his steps that he might the sooner reach his journey's end.

Now, as he travelled on, joining his song to the carols of the birds, he saw that many others trod the same path, and had the same quest. And he asked many things of them. They told him that the path soon left this flowery land and took its course thro h dark forests and across dreary deserts, that it grew thorny an hard to tread, and that false guides arose, tempting the travellers aside into the woods, with promise of gay tents and softer paths, and many more delights. But Hildebrande vowed that they should never so beguile him. The day wore on apace. The sun rose high, the path led upward, and grew very hard to tread; many fainted, many more sought the shade of the woods, saying that they would but rest awhile and then return to the path. Still others were tempted of the evil angels to lie down in the tents, and to drink the wine that, once tasted, made return well-nigh impossible.

Hildebrande grew weary of the struggle at last, and paused and leaned upon his staff.

"Come hither," said a voice in his ear. "Thou art out-wearied, pause and rest."

Hildebrande turned, and saw beside him a man of princely aspect, and of great beauty. At first sight he seemed sad, but after Hildebrande had looked upon him for a few moments, his face appeared full of gayety—save only his eyes, which were very dark, filled with anguish that never left them, even when he smiled.

"To pause beneath this scorching sun would hardly be to rest," said Hildebrande. "There are trees on yonder hill, I must climb that ere I can hope for rest."

"Look," said the stranger, laying his hand on Hildebrande's shoulder, and pointing to the woods.

Hildebrande's eyes followed his pointing hand. A little to the left of the path, and sloping downwards, were trees whose broad branches gave a cool and delicious shade. The silvery murmur of a trickling stream made music to the ear, and near its falling waters was a natural couch, covered with moss, canopied over by the sheltering arms of a beech tree, and surrounded by climbing plants.

Hildebrande gazed at it for a moment and then looked back at the white glare of the road in front of him, at the pitiless rays of the blazing sun. How far away seemed the hill-top whereon grew the only trees in sight, how hard the pathway to be trodden ere he reached them.

"Why delayest thou?" said the tempter's mocking voice. "If thou had'st to pass through a gate, which might close, and shut thee forever from this path, and its uncertain goal, then could I understand thy hesitation, but who can hinder thee from returning when it likes thee, and thou hast had enough of rest?"

"That is true, and I am no weakling, to love rest more than toil, or the waters of yonder stream better than the wine in the King's Palace, or prefer shelter of those trees to the light of His smile," said Hildebrande. "For a little I will rest, I shall with greater speed pursue my journey, when again I seek the path."

So he turned with his companion, and soon reached the refreshing shelter of the trees, and flung himself on the mossy couch, and drank of the sparkling waters, and then he fell asleep. He was wakened by the touch of an icy hand on his brow. Starting up, he saw before him the white-robed figure of a woman, very pale and sad, and yet, for all its sadness, her face made his heart ache less than did that of the tempter, who stood not far from her, his arms folded on his breast, his lips curled in a scornful smile.

"Hence," said Sorrow, for that was her name, "Idler, Sluggard, the hours of the day are fleeting, and how shalt thou journey when the sun has set?"

"Heed her not, thus would she enfeeble every brave man's heart," sneered the man. "Defy her, and she will be powerless to harm thee—"

"I stay here till I choose to go, thou shalt not affright me," said Hildebrande to Sorrow. "I am a man and no stripling. I judge it well to rest. Hence thyself, pale phantom."

Then Sorrow stepped forward, and laid her icy hand on his heart.

Hildebrande staggered and groaned, then the shade of the trees grew stifling, and the sound of the waters maddened him, and he longed for the fresh air of the mountain path, and the gladsome light of the sun.

"I go," he said, turning fiercely to Sorrow, "thou hast made this place and the memory of it hateful to me, but never do I wish to see *thy* face again."

The tempter stepped to his side and followed him, as with heart still aching from sorrow's touch, he struggled painfully back to the narrow, rugged path—narrower and more rugged by contrast with the place he had left. He continued to urge Hildebrande to take his ease—and reminded him that the woods ran parallel with the road—and that he would arrive at the gates of the kingdom of day just as surely and as soon, if he walked along under the shadow of the trees, as he would by toiling along the stony ground of which the narrow path seemed composed. But Hildebrande turned a deaf ear to his blandishments—and soon with an evil frown, and a muttered threat, the dark angel left his side.

Still the day wore on. Hildebrade climbed the hill, and stopped at its summit to take breath. It had been hard and painful work to reach it. Much of his strength had left him when he drank of the stream in the wood. And the joyousness that his heart had known before he met sorrow, never returned.

Standing on the hill, he looked around him. He was surprised to observe that the path by which he had come was shrouded in a purple haze that made it seem almost beautiful. He looked forward. He saw that he had to descend the hill on which he stood, and, after crossing a desert, at sight of which he shuddered, to climb yet another hill. The summit of that was cloud-capped. Gaze as he would, he could not pierce with his eyes the veil of mist that enshrouded it.

Slowly he began the descent. As he neared the foot of the hill, he was met again by the tempter of the morning. He should have been on his guard, but the evil beauty of the dark angel's face had not lost its charm for him; he paused to listen to his words.

"Sorrow is not here now," said the spirit, "rest awhile and gather strength, ere thou come to yonder sunless desert."

He pointed, as he spoke, to a tent pitched not very far to the left of the path. After some moment's fierce and agonizing struggle, Hildebrande yielded to his enticements, and followed him. Alas! scarcely had he crossed the threshold, when doors, invisible as air, stronger than iron bars, closed behind him, and he was a prisoner.

Not that at first he tried to cross again the threshold. Through the invisible door he looked on the desert, and it seemed too dreary and too terrible to be faced. Yet, resting on the couch in the tent, and drinking of the poisoned wine, he still remembered that he was bound for the Land of Day, and he still looked, and longed to see, its King. But when he would have retraced his steps, and resumed his journey he found he was a captive in the tent.

The sun was now far down in the west. The desert had still to be crossed. Despairing, again he drank of the wine, only too plentifully supplied by invisible hands. And then a numbing apathy came over him; he ceased to struggle against the unseen power that barred his way. Turning back to the tent he saw another door. This opened on the side remote from the road, and the ground sloped with terrific abruptions. Ere he could pass through it, the white-robed form he knew and dreaded, stood before him, and he turned, shrinking from the glance of Sorrow's mournful eyes.

"The other way, the other door—this leads to ruin and death," she said.

"I cannot," groaned Hildebrande.

Sorrow came close to him. She laid her hand first on his bowed head, and then upon his heart.

"*Now* try once more," she said.

Writhing from under her touch he sprang forward. The resistance he met was strong, he retreated, but Sorrow was behind him, again he threw all the strength he had into the struggle, and again he failed. Then he thought of the gates of the Land of Day, and longed to pass them, and he pictured to himself the King's face, and his heart grew strong.

"Master, King, send help," he cried aloud. Nor knew that Sorrow had first whispered the words behind him.

The hidden doors flew open. Breathless, fainting, well-nigh dead, he sprang through the opening and sank upon his knees, alone and friendless, the night coming on and the desert yet to cross, but free again at last. He rose and hurried forward. The shadows deepened. The western sky lost all the sunset glow, he dared not look behind, but, straining every nerve, went forward—ever forward—until at last he reached the foot of the one hill he had yet to climb. He had feared it greatly, but, in the gathering gloom, strange misty forms, with shining eyes came near him, gentle hands guided his faltering feet aright, loving voices whispered words of comfort as he passed into the strange and awful shadow he had seen upon the hill.

* * * * * * *

When he had passed it, he saw before him, clear and bright and beautiful, the gates of the Palace of the King—the King of the Land of Day. He turned to look back upon the way he had come, for the mist, so penetrable from this side, is clear from the other. He saw the terrible slope of the ground from the lower side of the tent. He saw that the forest, too, led ever downward. He looked further yet to see where they would end. They converged into a hollow. He looked into that, and shrank back, appalled at the sight of all he had escaped. Sick and shuddering, he turned towards the Palace gates, and there stood Sorrow watching him with the shadow of a smile on her wan face. She flung the gates wide open and stepped back.

"Enter, now," she said softly.

"But for thee, I should be far indeed from these blessed gates," he said. "Oh, Sorrow, what do I not owe thee? Enter thou with me."

Sorrow shook her head.

"These gates I open for others, I may never pass myself," she sighed. "But I go to those who like thee, but for my aid would lose their way."

And then she vanished. But Hildebrande passing through the gates, came to the presence of the King of the Land of Day.

LEE WYNDHAM.

Our Weekly Sermons By Celebrated Divines.

Written specially for the LADIES PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

On Energy.

"Put on thy strength."—Isaiah lii, 1.

This exhortation suggests the possibility of putting on energy. It is a law of physics that force as well as matter is indestructible, and that neither can be created except by God himself. One form of energy may be converted into another. Energy latent or potential may become energy active or dynamical, but no form of energy can be produced by any effort of the human will. In the words of our text we are not asked to do an impossibility, i. e., to create energy, but simply to utilize that which is within our reach. All the power that we require has been placed at our disposal by a gracious Jehovah, and all that we are asked to do is simply to put it on. Those of us who are weak in thought and character are weak not because we have no energy or capability, but because our energies are latent and undeveloped. Like the captive daughter of Zion, we are exhorted to put on our strength; to cultivate our talents, to make use of our privileges, and thereby accomplish the special and important work that God has designed us to accomplish.

In every man's life there are great occasions—times of inspiration—when, in a special sense, he puts on strength and becomes more than an ordinary man. It is impossible for him to live at this supreme point of energy, just as it was impossible for the disciples to live upon the Mount of Transfiguration. He must come down to a normal condition; he must live within the highest point of his capability; otherwise he will soon become exhausted, and life will be a burden and a failure. Very few of us need this caution, so far as our religious work is concerned. We are not in danger of attempting too much for God and living in an overstrained condition. We are rather in danger of neglecting our duty and living far beneath our real capability.

I shall treat this subject largely from the human standpoint, and consider certain elements and conditions of energy that are the outcome of the peculiar constitution of the human mind and the circumstances in which we are placed in this world. The prophet saith: "Put on thy strength." Then there is a strength that is in a certain sense our own that we can put on or off at pleasure.

I. In the first place, a man is strong in the direction of his belief or faith.

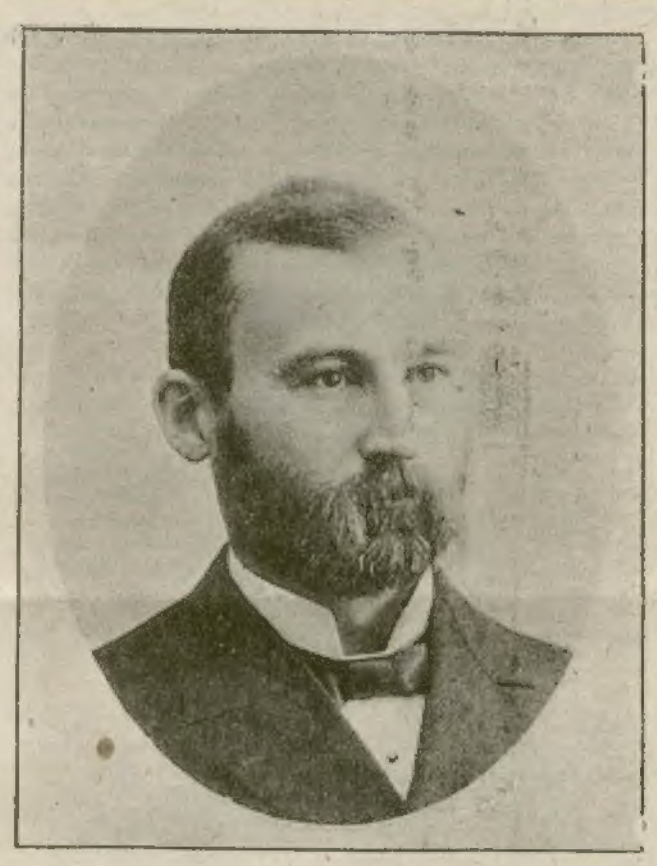
When God appeared to Moses on the mountain, and commissioned him to bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt, Moses felt unable for the task, and said, tremblingly: "Who am I that I should go into Pharaoh? I am not eloquent; I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." But when Moses believed in his heart that God had called him to this great work, and would give him the necessary qualifications, he received power to go to Pharaoh, or to anybody, in obedience to the divine command. Disraeli wrote, "To believe in the heroic makes heroes." To be-

lieve in the possibility of doing something noble and chivalrous in life brings such an accession of strength as makes work a pleasure and danger an inspiration. The power of faith from the human standpoint is shown in the lives of false teachers and false prophets. Mohammed believed himself called of God to teach the doctrines of the Koran. Under the inspiration of this belief he wrote and spoke with such power that he impressed his views upon the hearts and lives of thousands of his countrymen; and, as a result, Mohammedanism lives to-day. The Mahdi, or false prophet, that arose in southern Egypt a few years ago, became mighty in war, because he fancied that he was destined by God to be the liberator of his people. Virgil said of his boatmen: *Possunt quia posse videntur*; men are able because they think they are able. I do not wish to encourage low self-conceit, which is usually the outcome of weakness and vanity; and yet there is a certain amount of self-confidence which is necessary to give backbone to a man's character. We never like to go to a man and ask him to do something for us and be invariably met with the response, I cannot. Such persons very seldom do anything in the world. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." As he narrows and belittles the capabilities of his own soul he will fall back from duty, and the very energies with which God endowed him will be taken from him, and he will be left a comparative weakling. It is sometimes stated that every missionary should have faith in the success of his mission, otherwise he will soon become discouraged, and his work will be a failure; but I would go farther, and state that every person, young and old, needs to have faith in the trade, profession or mercantile pursuit in which he is engaged; faith in the capabilities of his own nature, and, above all, faith in God, if he would bring to bear upon that calling the moral stamina and energy that are the essentials of success. The moment he begins to doubt the utility or the practicability of his object in life he enfeebles himself. On the other hand, when he considers his object in life a worthy one, when it is suited to his talent and taste, when he believes himself called of God to accomplish that work, then, from the human standpoint, even if mistaken, like the false Mohammed, his soul will feel the impetus of an importunate compulsion amounting almost to inspiration. This power I ask you all to put on in religious work, not simply from the lower and human standpoint that we have been describing, but from the higher and divine standpoint. Have supreme faith in God, and then have faith in the cause which you have espoused, because you believe or know it to be the cause of God and must prevail. Some Christians seem to have just enough faith to obtain a faint sense of acceptance, but not enough faith to lift them above their fears and forebodings and enable them to do their duty with cheerfulness. To such I would say, "Put on thy strength." Stretch forth the hand of faith till it consciously lays hold upon the resources of the Almighty and turns them to account in the practical purposes of life. This is the power which will enable one to chase a thousand; and two, put ten thousand to flight. Read the eleventh chapter of Hebrews and learn what men, and even delicate women, have done who have been transported beyond themselves by the power of mighty faith. Paul, after enumerating a long list of worthies, sums up the whole by saying: "And what shall I say more? for the time would fail me to tell of Gedson, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephtha, of David also, of Samuel and of the prophets who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

None of us can dissipate the clouds and the mists that hang above our horizon; but if we were in some countries we could climb to the mountain-top and look above and beyond them. Such a mountain-top is always within reach of the Christian, and faith is the power which will enable him to climb to the summit, and from this vantage ground look down upon the petty weaknesses and trials which discourage and overcome others.

Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries it shall be done.

II. In the second place, a man is strong in the direction of his will. Let a man resolutely determine to accomplish a certain work in life, and it is astonishing what an addition this makes to his strength. Energies and capabilities long latent and hidden even from the man himself come into active service and bear him onward to the attainment of the proposed end. So great is the potency of the human will that its praises have passed into the well-known proverbs, "Where there is a will there is a way"; "Where the will is ready the feet are light"; "Nothing is impossible to a willing mind." Perhaps, in most cases, a man's success in life is determined more by his decision of character than by his inherent ability. Many a man of strong intellect and capacious memory is far outdistanced in the literary race by one of feebler faculties, simply because the latter has more steadiness of purpose and more resoluteness of will than the former. When a young man comes to you for employment, the first thing you do is to look at his physical build, to see whether or not he has sufficient muscle for your line of business; but beyond this you scrutinize his expression of countenance, you mark his words in order to ascertain whether or not there is any strength or earnestness of purpose, any underlying resolution to give force and stability to his character. From experience and observation you have learned that a comparatively weak constitution may accomplish more hard work than a vigorous and healthy one when the former is nerved to activity by the energy of will and when the latter is careless and unimpassioned. The late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, one of the greatest educators of his day, said "That the difference between one boy and another in his school consisted not so much in talent as in energy." Sir Thomas F. Buxton said, "The longer I live the more I am certain that the difference between the great and the insignificant is energy, invincible determination, an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory." Sir Isaac Newton, one of the ablest philosophers that ever lived, said "That he did not consider that he had any advantage over other men, except that whatever he thought of sufficient importance to begin he had sufficient resolution to continue until he had accomplished his purpose." We know what strength of will did for such commanders as Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon and Wellington. We know what the lack of this stimulating and ennobling quality is doing for thousands in all lines of business. Men fail to succeed because they are not resolute and persistent; others triumph over difficulties because they are plucky and indefatigable. Disraeli was coughed and hissed down the first time he attempted to speak in the British Parliament. Nothing daunted, he arose and said with firmness: "The time will come when you will hear me"; and the time did come. Such tenacity of purpose will always win the battle of life. Take the case of Warren Hastings. When a boy seven years of age he resolved that he would recover the estate that had belonged to his fathers; that he would be Hastings of Douglesford, and for seventy years the purpose of his childhood never wavered. Macaulay says of him, "When under a tropical sun he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance and legislation, still pointed to Douglesford; and when his long, public life, so singularly checkered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed forever, it was to Douglesford that he retired to die." The resolve of the child became the experience of the man. Take the case of Marius sitting upon the ruins of Carthage, an outcast from human society, and yet preserving amidst those ruins a calm and unconquerable spirit, and determining ere long to retrieve his misfortunes and punish his opponents. In a few month



Truly Yours
J. J. Hare

Marius entered Rome a conqueror, and there followed the terrible butchery of those opposed to him and Cinna. I have not referred to these two men, Warren Hastings and Marius, to commend their course of action, but simply to illustrate the potency of the human will under the most discouraging circumstances. It must be admitted that men can rouse themselves to action, that they can put on strength beyond all that is ordinary, that they can compensate for the want of wealth, for the want of what is commonly called good fortune, for the want even of personal accomplishments by that calm and indomitable force of will that will not be daunted by difficulties; that will not be turned aside by reverses until bright and glorious success is reached.

This element of power every young person should put on in a temporal sense. Resolve that you will be an intelligent, progressive and successful mechanic, merchant or professional man. It is God's will that you should be successful in your life's work, if you can enter upon it in the right spirit and for the Master's sake; but above all I would urge you to put on this strength in a moral and religious sense. Having sat down first and counted the cost, having reckoned up on the one hand the so-called advantages of a prayerless, ungodly life, and an eternity beneath the frown of the Almighty; and having reckoned up on the other hand the manifest advantages of a holy, useful life, and heaven at the end of the journey; then come to a definite decision, commit yourself to the cause of truth and righteousness with all the energy of your will. Come out from the world and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing. Say with Joshua of old, "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord." It is not of him that willeth or of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. This is true in a certain sense, and yet it is equally true that no one will ever get to heaven without his willing or determining to go there. To the Israelites of old God promised the land of Canaan, the land flowing with milk and honey, and yet He did not carry them to Canaan against their wills. He did not miraculously lift them up in a whirlwind, transport them over the sandy desert, and put them down in the land of promise. They had to make up their minds to leave Egypt, and endure the hardships and privations of the wilderners before they got even a sight of the godly land, or were permitted to eat a single cluster of its grapes. Of course, God helped them to make a wise decision. He encouraged them by His promises, He lured them by His mercies, he awed them by His judgments upon the Egyptians; still, He did not decide for them; He did not make the journey for them. It was their duty and responsibility to make up their minds to leave the land of bondage and follow the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. The same principles underlay our eternal salvation. Every sinner that wants to be saved must make up his mind to seek salvation; to ask and receive, to seek and find, to knock at the door of mercy that it may be opened. Every Christian that wants to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, must decide to follow Christ through evil as well as through good report, to keep the eye single that the whole body may be full of light; in short, to be out and out for God. Without a strong and settled purpose to do right and to be right a man is poorly armed against temptation. We sometimes hear persons say, with considerable emphasis, that when they enlisted under the banners of the cross they enlisted for life, or that they are determined to see the end of a praying life; and I confess that such expressions always strike a responsive cord in my heart. They indicate an honest and firm decision to adhere to the noble principles of Christanity in preference to everything else, and that to the end of life; and in nine cases out of ten, such, thorough decision, with God's blessing, is more than half the battle.

III. In the third place, a man is strong in the direction of his affections.

Let a man's heart be interested and his hands will not tire. Let him leave a home in the morning where love reigns, and under the inspiration of this noble principle let him go to his office or workshop, and it matters not how difficult or laborious his duties may be, he will be more than capable of attending to them. Working for those who have a hold upon his affections no effort will be irksome, no care or anxiety will be galling or oppressive. Even when beaten down by mishap he cannot succumb to discouragement, because loving thoughts of home impel him to action, and give him a mightiness beyond all that is possible under other circumstances.

Young boys away from home know what it is to feel the power of a mother's love behind them, impelling them onward to success and honor; and when the young man advances further in life, and he thinks of establishing a home for himself, and he gives his heart to one that he expects ere long will be the central figure in that home, how great is the inspiration of true affection! The late Dr. Beecher referred to a young man fighting valiantly upon the battle-field and falling amongst the slain, and said that the secret of all his strength and courage was that "hidden under his vest was a sweet face done up in gold; and so, through love's heroism, he fought with double strokes and danger, mounting higher, till he found honor in death."

Take the case of a delicate mother bending over the pale emaciated form of a sickly child. For weeks she has been waiting upon it, almost by night and by day, scarcely letting it out of her thoughts for a single hour, and yet, though actually worn out, she cannot think of leaving the child to the care of others, and taking the rest that she really needs. Why is this the case? Why is that mother willing to endure so much? I would rather ask, why is she able to endure so much? The only answer that can be given is, 'tis the mystery of love. The mother's heart is interested. Her child is one with herself. Every sigh it utters touches the most tender chords of her being, awakens her energies, and prepares her for almost anything that may save the life of the child. Can anything be more touching than the story of Rizpah watching the dead bodies of her sons that had been hanged by the Gibeonites? And when that poor, distressed mother was forbidden to take the bodies down and bury them, she stayed with them by night and by day, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day nor the beasts of the field to devour them by night. The poetess has expressed her feelings in the following stanzas:

"But I hoped that my cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me;
And while they ripened to manhood fast,
They would wean my thoughts from the woes of the past.
Tall, like their sire, with princely grace,
Of his stately form and the bloom of his face,
O, what an hour for a mother's heart!
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!
When I clasped their knees and wept, and prayed,
And struggled, and shrieked to heaven for aid,
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosened my hold at length
And tore me breathless and faint aside
In their iron arms, while my children died.
They died, and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth."

Love for a leader makes valiant soldiers. David at one time when weary and parched with thirst, gave expression to the wish, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate!" Three of his brave men heard the wish, and though the hosts of the Philistines lay between them and the fondly remembered spring from which David had drank in his boyhood, they passed through the ranks of the enemy, drew the water from the favorite spot, and bore it back in triumph to their leader. David was so moved by this act of devotion that he refused to drink the water, stating that it was too sacred to be used for such a purpose and as a hallowed and precious oblation he poured it out unto the Lord.

The most wonderful illustration on record of the supporting power of love is that of Jesus of Nazareth, who for our sakes undertook the work of redemption and carried it into completion by the

shedding of His own blood, who "for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross despising shame." Follow His interesting course from the manger to the cross, or more particularly from the baptism of water to the baptism of suffering and death, and how untiring his labors, how constant his devotion to the work of seeking and saving the lost! So great is his desire for the accomplishment of his mission that he represents himself as being in pain till the design of His love has been fulfilled. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." Even when the sad scene of his sufferings was before him, when the agonies of the garden and of the cross were full in view, He exclaimed, "Now is my soul troubled, and what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour. But for this cause came I unto this hour." And then bursts forth the prayer, "Father, glorify Thy name, even though it be at the expense of My hanging on the cross." Then came there a voice from heaven, saying, "I have both glorified it and will glorify it again."

"Oh, for this love let rocks and hills, etc." I ask you all to put on this element of moral and spiritual power, viz.:—true, hearty filial love to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is the real secret of strength, of enthusiasm and of success. Get your hearts interested and your hands will be strong, your purposes bold, your courage invincible. Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, etc., and the powers of evil will fall down before you like Dagar before the Ark of the Covenant, and you will tread your enemies in the dust. Under the inspiration of love nothing that God has enjoined upon you will be irksome; the whole routine of religious duties from the closet to the Sacramental altar will be a feast of fat things; of wines on the less well refined. With David you will say, "One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to enquire in His temple." The measure of your love will be the measure of your pleasure, your interest, and your success. Try to work for God without the impulse of this feeling and how weak and sickly will be your efforts! The minister will be a poor preacher, the leaders will be old-fashioned, the prayer-meeting will be dull, and everything in your opinion will be disagreeable. Hasty to find fault with others, slow to do any work yourself, you will be a dead weight to the progress and prosperity of the Church. Even if you are an intelligent man and attempt to speak for God, your words will have no powes in them, and no good results will flow from them, and you may wonder what is the matter, when the real secret of your weakness is want of genuine love to God and love to perishing souls. Paul said, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains and have not charity I am nothing."

We sometimes hear young Christians, and even old Christians, say that they are so constituted that they cannot speak for God, or take any public part in Christian service. I would like to relate for the benefit of such, a story that is told of the dumb son of Crœsus. Seeing one about to kill his father his desire to speak became so great that it loosened his tongue, and he cried, "Will you kill Crœsus?" To the speechless Christians, and all who shirk their duty from some professed constitutional weakness, I would say: gather around the cross, get your hearts interested in the great work that Christ came to accomplish, go to the upper chamber and there tarry till you are endued with power from on high, then look out upon the field, white unto the harvest, and see the laborers few; then see some young person, in whom you are interested, going to destruction because no one seems to care for his soul; no one is ready to speak the word in season, and though you may have been dumb all your days, there will come upon you such a desire to speak that it will loosen your tongue, and you will speak forth the words of truth and righteousness.

Love has been compared to the bow impelling arrows of obedience, the main-spring moving the wheels of duty, the heart propelling the blood through the system. It has been claimed that two of the greatest impulses ever given to the energy and ambition of the human mind were given, first, when Galilea discovered the Satellites of Jupiter, and got some conception of the infinity above; and secondly, when the naturalist Buffon, on examing some fossil bones, grasped the idea of a pre-Adamite age of existence. These unfoldings of human knowledge gave an impulse to the human mind, and yet what was this tiny ripple compared with the mighty wave of influence upon human intellect, heart and life, when Christ opened up to man's telescopic vision the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; when He told them: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, that ye love one another; when He illustrated His love to them by that wonderful sentence, "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you"; and proved His love to them by the ignominious death on the cross. Who can calculate the moral face of such a revelation of love? Who can stand beneath the cross and look upon the Son of God, suffering not for Himself, but for the world that He came to save without feeling that there is in that act of devotion to others a power to lift men out of meanness and selfishness that is indescribable and infinite.

A man is strong in the direction of well established habits, and what he conceives to be his best interests, but I shall not further enlarge. Suffice it to say that all lasting strength is based on truth and righteousness. A man of expediency is invariably a weak man. A man that has no abiding convictions, that has nothing about him or in him that he is not prepared to cast off under pressure, is not to be depended upon. A man of shady moral life is also a weak man. The flitting of a shadow across his pathway will frighten him. On the other hand a man who is conscious of being right and doing right is not afraid of public opinion.

Our text is a loud call to activity. "Awake, awake, put on thy strength." God wants workers in His vineyard. He wants strong-handed, stout-hearted men and women, who are prepared to go forward in the discharge of duty, though the Red Sea of difficulty is before them. He who has given the command "Put on thy strength," "Quit yourselves like men," "Go work to day in my vineyard," can give the grace to enable us to obey the Command. To the feeble and palsied He can say, "stretch forth thy withered hand," or "rise, take up thy bed and walk." Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you. Who amongst us wants this power, not to gratify selfish ambition, not to write our names on the shifting sands of earthly popularity, but to be a great and increasing influence for good in the community, to write our names on the hearts and lives of men and women, of boys and girls that we have helped to a better life. Laborers in the great harvest field, lift your hearts to God for a renewal of your commission, for a fresh anointing for service, for inspiration and power to do the work He has designed you to do.

Rev. J. J. Hare.

The subject of this sketch showed in early life a phenomenal interest in study. Commencing school life at three and a-half years of age, he entered the second school reader at four years; the fifth reader at seven years, and won the prize for general proficiency at nine years in a course of study embracing twenty propositions of the first book of Euclid, Algebra through simple equations, and similar work in other subjects. Health failing he was obliged to give up all study, except for a few months in winter, and yet, at the age of twelve years, he passed the second-class teacher's examination and obtained his certificate. He matriculated into Victoria University at fifteen years, passed the first-class teacher's examination and commenced teaching at seventeen years, and taught for two years.

He entered the Methodist ministry at nineteen years, and though a mere boy was sent as assistant minister to Chatham, thence to Smith's Falls. Returning to Victoria University he completed the B.A. course, winning four first prizes, about all that came in his course. He was ordained and sent as assistant minister to the largest church in London, Ont., where he remained till he was called to the Principalship of the Ontario Ladies' College in 1874. In 1879 he was appointed both Principal and Governor of this institution, which position he still holds. The success of this popular and efficient institution of learning is largely due to his able and judicious management. Ed.

In this series have already appeared:

Dec. 26th,	1891:	Rev. Benjamin Thomas, D.D., Toronto.
Jan. 2nd,	1892:	Rev. Chas. Mockridge, D.D., Toronto.
" 9th,	" :	Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Toronto.
" 16th,	" :	Rev. W. Rainsford, D.D., New York.
" 23rd,	" :	Rev. Joseph Wild, D.D., Toronto.
" 30th,	" :	Rev. S. M. Milligan, B.A., Toronto.
Feb. 6th,	" :	Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, Toronto.
" 13th,	" :	Rev. Prof. Clarke, F.R.S.C., Toronto.
" 20th,	" :	Rev. S. P. Rose, Montreal.
" 27th,	" :	Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Toronto.
March 5th,	" :	Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., Brantford, Ont.
" 12th,	" :	Rev. H. F. Bland, Quebec.
" 19th,	" :	Rev. James Watson, Huntington.
" 26th,	" :	Rev. Manly Benson, Toronto.
April 2nd,	" :	Rev. John Burton, M.A., B.D., Toronto.
" 9th,	" :	Rev. W. T. McMullen, D.D. Woodstock.
" 16th,	" :	Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A. Toronto.
" 23rd,	" :	Rev. James Henderson, M.A., Toronto
" 30th,	" :	Rev. R. Tiefy, B. A., Toronto.
May 7th,	" :	Rev. William Henry Warriner, M.A., B.D., Montreal.
" 14th,	" :	Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N. S.

Society Doings.

"What the world of fashion is doing."

Mr. Walter Stewart has gone on a trip to Banff, N. W. T.

* * * *

Mr. Samuel May and his son have gone for a short visit to New York.

* * * *

At the entertainment given by the ebony minstrels at Dawes' Hall, last week, I noticed the following pretty gowns, and smart beaux: Miss Laura McGillivray wore geranium red tulle; Mrs. Webster, silver gray cashmere; Miss Richardson, green velvet and lace; Miss Dixon, pearl gray with silver trimming; Miss V. Mason, pale blue and embroidered *lisse*; Miss Robinson, heliotrope silk; Miss M. Minty, black lace; Miss Hutchins, *creme* cashmere and *lisse*; Miss McLean, Ben Hur costume; Miss C. Wedd, pink and green with roses; Miss G. Snowdon, black and *creme*; Miss T. Mason, white silk net with gold trimming; Miss S. Byrne, black lace. Some of the gentlemen present were: Messrs. J. Craig, Strathy, Smythe, F. Maclean, H. Cherry, Beakbane, Ball, G. Brown, H. Minty, C. A. Love, V. Knight, C. Godden, Smith Jones, J. Wedd, B. McMurrich, Thompson, Boddy, and Dr. Dawson.

* * * *

The birthday party given last week, in honor of Mr. Harry Fletcher's twenty-first birthday, was in every way a success. A large number of pretty ladies were there, and the gentlemen had a pleasant task in offering them attention. The supper was *recherche* and delicious, and Glionna's musicians played. Among those present were Dr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. Bilkie, Mr. and Mrs. George Baird, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison. Miss Eckhardt looked pretty in salmon pink; Miss Campbell, grey and mauve; Miss Gale, gold-colored silk and *chiffon*; Miss Logan, pink; Miss L. Logan, pink and green; Miss Louise Brown, white and gold; Miss G. Helliwell, white and yellow; Miss C. Helliwell, blue; Miss Somers, pink and white; Miss Hatch, pink; Miss Roland, white silk; Miss McDiarmid, blue cashmere; Miss Virtue and Miss Warren, pretty white gowns; Miss Flo Brown, navy blue; Miss King, white silk, black frills; Miss Susie Ellis wore a lovely little frock of canary yellow silk and *chiffon*; Miss Woodbridge, pink satin and lace; Miss Sadd, Miss Phillips, Miss Chaplain, a lovely light and dark green gown; the Misses Hatton, Miss Bilkie, and Messrs. Bert Warren, Bert Cox, J. Doane, A. McKay, W. Donaldson, F. King. J. Pearson, F. Worden, H. Irish, F. Bendelari, J. Swift, J. Garvin, A. Bailey, W. Darby, W. Hunter, C. Smallpiece, Bastedo, Gale, J. Walker, R. Walker, Meharg, Lamont, Matthews and Burns.

* * * *

On Friday evening last, an unusal number of cyclists were observed taking their way along Elm street, and stopping at the north east corner of Elm and Teraulay streets. There, as everyone knows, is the cosy home of the W. C. T. U. The occasion of the assemblage was the presentation of colors to the new Ladies' Bicycle Club, the "Y's" as they are called. After music, a poem written for the ocassion was read by the club's poetess, and some delicious refreshments served. After which the colors were presented by Miss Tilley, a sister of Sir Leonard Tilley, and an ardent temperance worker. Miss Tilley gave a graphic account of the Temperance Convention at Boston, and while presenting the colors urged the duties of helpfulness of every member. The captain gracefully responded and the club wheeled home, with ribbons flying from every handle bar.

To the "Y's" Bicycle Club

In the olden time of chivalry's prime,
Each knight a favor wore
From her of whose cause the champion he was,
And fealty to whom he swore,
Your bicycle band will pass through the land
Wearing the ribbon of white:
The favor you wear, for Canada fair,
For God, for Home and Right,

On your burnished steed, as you fly with speed,
In the breeze the blue ribbon will wave:
The token grand of the temperance band,
Who endeavor the lost to save.

In the thick of the fight, where wrong strives 'gainst right,
Champion temperance in word and deed:
May each knight of the wheel prove as true as the steel
Of his trusty bicycle steed.

At the end of life's race, when Death you must face,
May he prove a friend in disguise,
And bear you in love to the home above,
Beyond earth's cloudy skies.

When you lay at rest, may you bear on your breast,
Pure, unspotted from dust of strife,
The token fair that the noble wear,
"The white flower of a blameless life."

ST. CATHERINES.

Victoria Chambers, St. Catherines, was the scene of a very brilliant and successful affair recently. The beautiful hall was tastefully decorated with palms, smilax, etc. Dancing was kept up until three o'clock, and the music furnished by Kuhn's orchestra of Buffalo was all that could be desired. The lady patronesses were: Mesdames H. G. Hunt, T. L. Helliwell, Larkin, Mack, W. H. McClive, J. Murray, J. C. Rykert and E. J. Senkler. The success of the evening was due to the perfect management of the following committee: Messrs. W. G. Ramage, E. N. Bate, H. Y. Complin, E. H. Fuller, J. G. Moore, P. A. McCallum, G. S. McDonald, P. J. Price, and D. M. Sanson. Among those of the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby, Mrs. D. C. Haynes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Woodruff, Miss Wallis, of Toronto, Mrs. G. M. Neelon, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Neelon, Mrs. and the Misses Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Miss Spotton, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. C. Norris, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Sheriff, Mrs. and the Misses Dawson, Mrs. and Miss St. John, Mr. and Mrs. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Groves, Mrs. Bosworth, of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Hessin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Macdonald, Dr., Mrs. and Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Ingersoll, Capt., Mrs. and the Misses Larkin, Capt. and Mrs. S. Neelon, the Misses Nelles, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Rykert, Miss Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Miss Maggie Ross, of Toronto, Mr. and the Misses Bate, Miss Baxter, of Cayuga, Miss Hamilton, of Hamilton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hunt, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Jukes, Miss Mabel Birchall, of Toronto, Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Carlisle, Messrs. Crombie, Collier, Reynolds, Helliwell, Wemyss, Boyle, Chatterton, Woodruff, Burson, Read, Peterson, Coy, Parker, A. W. Moore, McLean, Steen, Hostetter, Macgregor, Burritt, of Toronto, King, Dawson, Shaw, Carlisle, Waite and Hood of Woodstock, and others. Some of the most striking costumes were: Mrs. Larkin, black and mauve; Mrs Mack, black lace over striped silk; Mrs. Coy, black lace; Mrs. Clench, black velvet; Mrs. Hunt, white silk and violet velvet; Mrs. W. S. Benson, black and white moire; Mrs. J. T. Groves, black and pink; Mrs. Bosworth, of Toronto, black and gold; Mrs. Jukes, pale green and lace; Miss Birchall, white lace; Mrs. E. Neelon, old rose satin and embroidered *chiffon*; Miss Larkin pale green; Miss A. Larkin, heliotrope and yellow; Miss E. Bate, pale green and white lace; Miss Hunt, pale pink; Miss Mack, white lace over white silk, crystal girdle; Miss C. Mack, white and gold; Miss E. Spotton, of Toronto, Nile green silk and pearl ornaments; Miss Atkinson, white silk; Miss Baxter, yellow surah; Miss Keefer of Thorold, black lace over pink; Miss Lindsay, white lace; Miss Ross of Toronto, white china silk; Miss Eccles, pink silk; Miss Neelon, yellow silk; Miss May, blue brocade; Miss Fenton, white net and green trimming; Miss J. Fenton, white embroidered silk; Miss Gillard of Hamilton, black lace; Miss Coy, black with mauve ribbons; Miss Maguire black and yellow. Special mention must be made of the *debucantte*, Miss Helen Merritt, who looked most charming in white satin and lace.

Handiwork.

Any question of general interest regarding home decoration will be answered in this column. Any suggestions, contributions or letters from those interested in this department will be welcomed.—Ed.

Hand-Made-Laces.

PYRAMID EDGE.

Make ten chain. Make a treble shell in the sixth loop of chain. A treble shell is made of three trebles, two chain, and three trebles,

HAND MADE LACE—FIG. 1.

all of these stitches being put under the same loop of the foundation.

On both sides of the row of shell work which extends through the length of the pattern, make scallops consisting of six chain, which is the foundation; on this make twelve trebles. Turning after making the shell of center and similar scallop on the opposite side, finish the first one with a series of holes made by one treble and two chain. There will be six of these holes. Under each two chain put one single stitch and three trebles.

The pattern can be made wider or more narrow, as wished by the maker. The chain work at the straight edge may be put on afterwards though in the pattern it is done on every scallop, finishing as one advances.

INSERTING TO MATCH THE PYRAMID EDGE.

This inserting is made in two pieces, the first side being the shell and scallop of the edge. When the second side is made, fasten each fan to the lower part with short or single crochet stitches and fill the open space between the rows with chains of six stitches.

If a very wide edge is wished, put the edge and inserting together. In this form it makes a fine pattern for aprons or for the ends of bureau scarfs.

Circular mirrors are the latest thing and they are encircled by white enamel frames decorated with violets or forget-me-nots.

A pretty novelty is a scarf of netted silk which is easily made and which is caught across the corner of a photo or picture frame with cords of the same color.

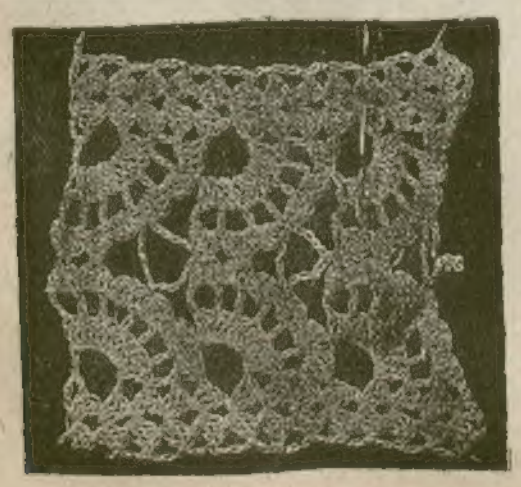
Much of the table linen used at ladies' lunches, is adorned with colored designs, or has a groundwork of color with flower patterns or scroll work in white. Pale-blue, light-red, salmon, fawn-color and grey, are seen in this table linen, with matching napkins and cake-basket cloths.

The bow-knot is, of course, one of the best designs in curtain material; those in applique upon a groundwork of lace are even prettier than the white ones, and the ribbon ends meander all over the surface, catching up here a dainty blossom or basket of posies, or flaunting about, as if flying in a brisk gale of wind.

Among pretty trifles for the adornment of the drawing room is a palm-leaf brush case or rather whisk, the soft dusting brush slipped into the top of the palm-tree. At the base covered with green plush, was one of the small, black Zulu dolls, a large sack pincushion beside him; it was well made and really artistic.

A Tailor's Patch.—Wives and sisters give ear! When John comes home with a tear in his clothing, do not send it to the tailor to mend, neither leave it unmended, nor even as a last resort darn it yourself. Instead, place a strip of court-plaster the length of the rent, under it, clapping a hot iron upon the wrong side. This if neatly done, will make as dainty a patch as one's heart could wish.

The last style of table-screens shows a double heart-shape; the sentimental character, so to speak, of this article of decoration being still further emphasized, as it were, by the profusion of love-knots of ribbon placed here, there and everywhere over the surface.



HAND-MADE LACE—FIG. 2.

It is made of card-board, with a painting of figures seated under a tree, and has around the picture a rim of narrow lace laid flat and pasted down.

The Cosey Corner is a place where a woman may take a surreptitious snooze, flirt desperately with her last adorer, or sulk, if the company is not to her mind; curtains are drawn above the cosey corner; a sofa invites one to slumber, and a cushioned tete-a-tete is suggestive of quiet flirtation. There is a shelf with a big blue jar full of Jacque roses, and joss-sticks smoulder in a silver perfume burner. The corner is just the nicest spot in which to hear sweet things, and a man who will not say them in such a place must be very unappreciative. There are a few choice books, whose leaves may be turned to break an awful silence, and there are various refreshments for the initiated.

The hanging-baskets, in which small pots with drooping vines or training artificial flowers are placed, or, when set in a jar with water, the boquet used the evening before is kept fresh, are made of stout cardboard, with a lining of plush, silk or satin, and show square or oval shapes, or, of late, a long boat shape, imitating a punt or gondola, according to individual fancy; and are adorned with a hand-painting of birds, butterflies or flowers, or an incrustation of small shells may be used on the square shapes. Some have merely a row of bows above a row of metal lace, which is not so perishable as other laces, and, therefore, the best for such decoration. You add long ribbons to each corner, and loops with a knot at the top. Line with a color that will not be easily defaced by what you put within; and, if the special intention be to use your basket for keeping boquets, or for a jar of flowers, make the bottom of wood, with a pierced edge, which you sew to the card-board sides. Some of these hanging baskets, as, for, example, those which are in the shape of a gondola, are merely intended for an

WALL POCKET.—It is made of cardboard covered with blue silk, with on applique of roses and bordered with fancy ribbon; a ball fringe finishes one end.

ornamert, having no special use, and in some of these a doll, dressed as a gondolier, is seen, the basket hanging from a lower part of a gaselier. This doll is dreseed in short breeches of white cloth, and has on its head a long Venetian cap, of which the pendent ends fall on the shoulder. There must be two long oars of wood, and the doll must be placed in the attitude of rowing.

Concerning Beads.

Most of the world's beads are Venetian. In the island of Murano a thousand workmen are devoted to this branch. The first process is to draw the glass into tubes of the diameter of the proposed bead. For this purpose the glass-house at Murano has a kind of rope-walk gallery 150 feet long. By gathering various colors from different pots and twisting them into one mass many combinations of color are made. The tubes are carefully sorted by diameters, and cut into fragments of uniform size. These pieces are then stirred in a mixture of sand and ashes, which fills the holes and prevents the sides from closing together when they are heated. They are next placed in a pan, and constantly stirred over a fire until the edges are rounded into a globular form. When cool, they are shaken into one set of sieves until the ashes are separated, and in another series of sieves until they are perfectly sorted by sizes. Then they are threaded by children, tied in bundles and exported to the ends of the earth. France has long produced the "pearl beads" which in the finer forms are close imitations of pearls. They are said to have been invented by M. Jaquin, in 1656. The common variety, threaded for ornament, is blown from glass tubes. An expert workman can blow 5,000 or 6,000 globules a day. They are then coated on the inside with a pearly lining by injecting into them a liquid charged with the scales of a minute species of fish, and then filled with wax. It takes 16,000 fish to make a pound of the scaly essence of pearl. Until recently the heirs of Jacquin still carried on a large factory of these mock pearls. The best of them are blown irregular to counterfeit nature,—some in pear shape others like olives—and they easily pass for genuine.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

One Phase of Dress Reform.

A woman dresses a turkey better than she can dress her person. She may blend harmoniously into a sauce divers flavors, and out of simple elements evolve triumphs of culinary, good taste in every sense of the phrase, and yet be herself a dismal, unwholesome-looking object while engaged in the daily routine of duties. It

BRIC-A-BRAC SCREEN.—The frame is gilded, the lower part is filled in with heliotrope India silk; above this is a panel of brocade; two little shelves are attached to hold bric-a-brac, while above hang photographs.

seems to be an article of belief with some cooks that personal neglect and a general air of untidiness, are outward and visible signs of great culinary skill, the possessor of which talent is by them deemed exempt from the laws of neatness and order.

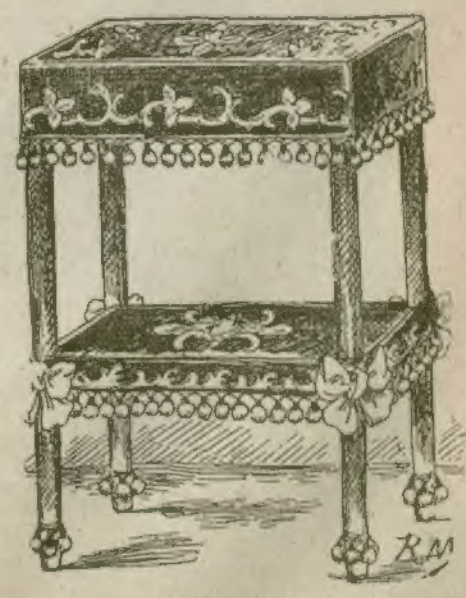
Their ideas on the subject of dress, however, are by no means lacking in definitiveness, but unfortunately they are confined to the elaboration of toilettes for high days and holidays, and the natural womanly wish to look well is perverted into a desire for finery, as unsuitable as it is flimsy and flashy. Wages are freely spent on imitation splendors and arrayed in sleazy silk or satin glittering with jet, the head crowned with the very latest style of hat, the young woman sallies forth with the proud conviction that she is "quite the thing."

In some such garb as this she often applies for a situation, never dreaming that she thereby imperils her chances of obtaining a good home, so much does her attire repel the sensible housekeeper, who by repeated experience has learned that finery covers a multitude of sins of omission and that almost certainly there is scarcely a decent change of underclothing or a whole calico gown among the belongings of the gayly dressed occupant. There are exceptions of course, and memory dwells fondly on the merits of an excellent cook who joined to her skill the rare virtue of the appropriate, even tasteful dressing while she was officially engaged. The neat print gown, the glossy hair, and bright face, and the cheerful readiness to do her very best made visits to the kitchen most attractive and it was easy to overlook the want of taste and judgment which governed her choice of Sunday toilettes,

In the good old times of which one constantly hears domestic servants had neither the temptation nor the opportunity to indulge in fine dress, but so long as cheap copies of all the fashionable goods are obtainable, so long probably will wages be squandered in the vain hope of looking as well as the best. It is their own money they have earned it and have the right to spend it as they choose, and this is a free country, etc.

But if these women could be brought to see how greatly they would rise in the esteem of their employers, how much more likely they are to be "healthy, wealthy and wise," if they would buy and wear constantly only neat boots and substantial, suitable garments, they might possibly, without detriment to their independence adopt the more excellent way.

M. M. Loughran.



FANCY TABLE.—It is made of wood, the legs enameled in pale green; the two shelves are covered with sea-green plush embroidered in gold; a valance of plush, with ball fringe, hangs below; bows of green satin ribbon ornament the lower shelf.

Fashions.

"What we really want is advice."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Address letters relating to this department to Editor "Fashions" Ladies' Pictorial Weekly, etc.

LARGE HAT in black chip, with sage-green chip plateau crown and sage-green velvet strings; white lilac and yellow roses, with delicate green foliage.

Children's Fashions.

Enormous poke bonnets for children come in straw and are also made of drawn silk, mull or chiffon; those of the latter material are lovely, but perishable, and are made on a wire frame, a huge bow of ribbon with upright ends standing in front. Cute little sun-bonnets of white lawn pique or colored chambray are just the thing for children's country wear; the brims are buttoned on to the crown so that they can be easily taken apart and laundried. Big leghorn flops with a trimming of rose garlands or satin ribbon are pretty on small and half-grown girls.

Little girl's dresses are made with a Russian blouse confined by a leather or canvas belt or a ribbon girdle.

Very simple wash dresses have low baby waists and puffed sleeves with straight tucked skirts; more elaborate are those trimmed with embroidered bands or ruffles of the same color as the material or of white open work point or Irish guipure.

Fine torchon is a most serviceable lace for trimming girl's gingham and chambray gowns, as it wears admirably, and if properly laundried always looks fresh.

A "creeper" is easily made; it should be of serviceable gingham, as it is for use, not ornament; the material should be made into a bag about twelve inches long and a little wider, which is gathered into a waist-band, with button-holes and buttons. In each lower corner are openings about four inches in length which are hemmed and through which the child's legs are passed. The clothes are all snugly encased in the "creeper," and the legs free to navigate at will. These little affairs save much wear and tear to a mother and are readily removable, leaving the clothes beneath fresh and clean.

White dresses for little girls are made with a deep hem with narrow needle-work above; much of the inserting is so open that it can be run with ribbon.

Dainty baby pelises are made of dotted swiss trimmed with vallace, and the little capote is made of the same.

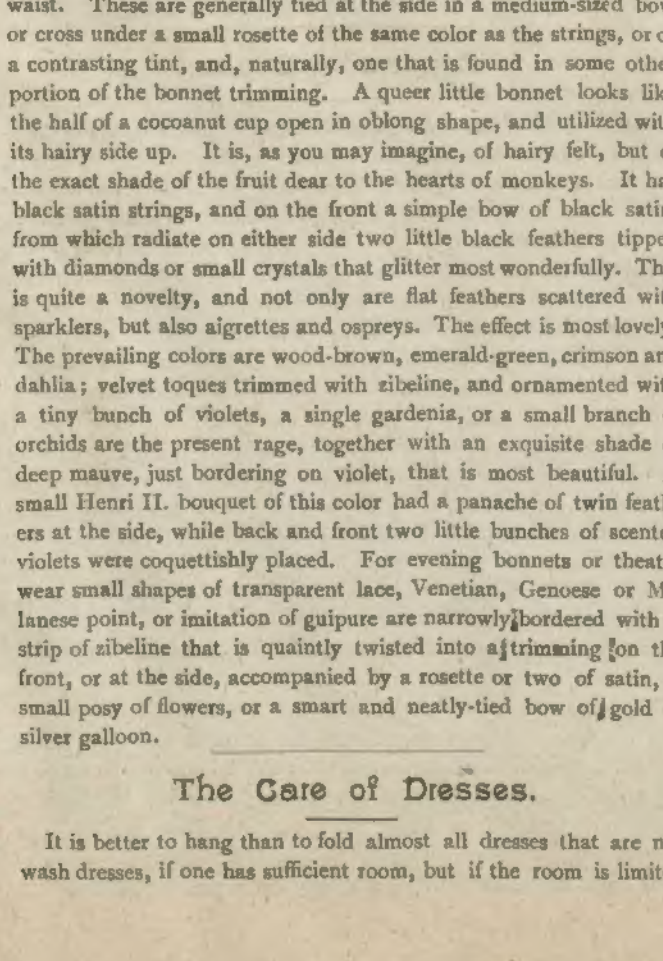
In children's wash hats there is an almost limitless choice; the poke shape is pre-eminent, and nothing frames a winsome, childish face more pleasingly than one of these grandmother's pokes; they are made of scarlet, pink, blue or white lawn and dotted goods closely shirred and edged with narrow frills.

Then there are soft caps of embroidered lawn with down drooping capes, which protect the neck, and great stiff bows in front.

Tam O'Shanter's of colored lawn are crimpled almost like a lamp shade and finished with a band of embroidery or gold lace.

Hats and Bonnets.

The indications that pointed to the adoption of strings for hats and bonnets that would reach to the ground have not been fully borne out, as they have only succeeded in getting as far as the waist. These are generally tied at the side in a medium-sized bow or cross under a small rosette of the same color as the strings, or of a contrasting tint, and, naturally, one that is found in some other portion of the bonnet trimming. A queer little bonnet looks like the half of a cocoanut cup open in oblong shape, and utilized with its hairy side up. It is, as you may imagine, of hairy felt, but of the exact shade of the fruit dear to the hearts of monkeys. It has black satin strings, and on the front a simple bow of black satin, from which radiate on either side two little black feathers tipped with diamonds or small crystals that glitter most wonderfully. This is quite a novelty, and not only are flat feathers scattered with sparklers, but also aigrettes and ospreys. The effect is most lovely. The prevailing colors are wood-brown, emerald-green, crimson and dahlia; velvet toques trimmed with zibeline, and ornamented with a tiny bunch of violets, a single gardenia, or a small branch of orchids are the present rage, together with an exquisite shade of deep mauve, just bordering on violet, that is most beautiful. A small Henri II. bouquet of this color had a panache of twin feathers at the side, while back and front two little bunches of scented violets were coquettishly placed. For evening bonnets or theater wear small shapes of transparent lace, Venetian, Genoese or Milanese point, or imitation of guipure are narrowly bordered with a strip of zibeline that is quaintly twisted into a trimming on the front, or at the side, accompanied by a rosette or two of satin, a small posy of flowers, or a smart and neatly-tied bow of gold or silver galloon.



LADIES' BLOUSE.

TEA-GOWN.

The Care of Dresses.

It is better to hang than to fold almost all dresses that are no wash dresses, if one has sufficient room, but if the room is limited and the dresses crowded when hung, then they should be folded, as anything is better than the "stingy" look which dresses crowded together in a small closet or wardrobe soon acquire. If a dress of woolen material has any drapery it will be found to keep its freshness much longer if the skirt is always bottom upward.

With a little practice and care this will be easily done, and the creases prevented, which come so quickly, even in the best of materials, from the folds hanging always the same way, both when in wear and when not.

FASHIONABLE HAT.

Never sit in a damp dress if it can be avoided, for nothing so successfully creases it. It should at once be taken off and hung in a good position to dry. Careful attention should always be paid to dress braids and facings. If a braid is replaced as soon as it commences to wear the facing will in many instances be saved.

A dress braid should always be put on by hand, and in most instances "rolled on." If sewed on by machine more time is consumed in ripping it off when it requires replacing than in both sewing on and ripping off a braid sewed on by hand. If one has to be much in the kitchen, woolen dresses should not be worn there. They hold the odors and smoke and soon become grimy and shabby.

GIRL'S FROCK.

MILLINERY AND MANTLES AT MACLEAN & MITCHELL'S.

Cosy Corner Chats With Our Girls.

(This department is edited by Cousin Ruth who will be glad to hear from our girl readers. Address all letters, suggestions, comments, questions to "Cousin Ruth," Ladies Pictorial Weekly, etc.)

THE shop for which you enquire, Country Squirrel, is an immense jewellery shop in New York. Tiffany's by name. What a little questioner you are. I am going to give your questions to the correspondence column. Look at the head of it for the way to address queries. Why don't you write to the other Muskoka cousin. I will be glad to forward you letters. I like the little verses very much. Will you sometime send [me some more. What a brilliant maid you are, Bertie, and what a fighting surname you have chosen "Light Brigade." When I saw it, I was all in a tremble, for fear some of the boy cousins had dared, but pretty soon I saw it was only a merry girl. So you are too big to sit on my lap. Well, I don't know about that. And you want some of the girls to write to you. Now, girls, here is Bertie Light Brigade, who says she is always in love with nice girls, which of you will take up her glove? She says "I can tell them all about the queer things I have seen, for there are not many parts of the world that I have not lived in." And then she calmly mentions Hong Kong and a few other places just round the corner! Some of you will have a rich treat in letters from Cousin Bertie. If she only tells you something she told me, I know you will roar with laughter. I do, every time I think of her. I think New York Cora, and Maria would enjoy her. It is great fun to be postman for the cousins, when they first start. Oh! By the way, that reminds me I have a letter waiting to be forwarded to French Maria, from Susie, if Maria will please send me her address. Don't delay, Maria, ma belle! Bertie sent her address, and any cousin who wants to write to her can have it, if they send word.

WELCOME to our Corner Nathalie. Some of your questions must go to the correspondence column. I have not room here. About the opera or play of Faust. If you felt as you say, I don't think it was best for you to go. I felt just the same. It was perfectly dreadful to know that poor Marguerite was going to forget herself so, and I am sure every good woman feels hurt and pitiful at the thought. My love to you, dear.

A VERY young cousin is Edna, who comes first this evening. "Twelve, past," isn't awfully ancient, is it girls, but she writes a nice little note, and part of it is kindly answered by the correspondence editor. Why Edna, you and the "Lake shore Lass," live quite near each other. You may know each other, and not know it! How comical! Write again, my dear little girl and I shall be pleased.

WELL, Molly, my country cousin, as you call yourself. I am glad you asked me about the dress. Grey would be very fashionable, or black and white, or black and grey. Suppose for the warm days a soft grey would be best. Girls, Molly has no mother, and she feels as if she would like to write to some of the cousins and make friends. She chooses Marion from Prince Edward Island. So if that nice girl cares to bestow one of her splendid letters on Molly, now is the time to write it. Hurry up Marion. Molly says "I would think a great deal of a letter from Marion." Well, Molly dear, there is one from Marion in the little gold hand, the very next to yours, how funny! but it is to Cousin Ruth, that cormorant who gobbles so many letters! and Marion was so dreadfully busy when she wrote it, that she made it on the skimpy side. Bad girl! Well, anyway, Molly, this letter I am writing is for you, and the sooner you write again, the sooner you'll get another. Do you want to know how to make your suit?

"OH! Marion, something came of it! I have a newspaper to send you about it, if I don't forget. Those girls got five hundred dollars, that day, all your doing, my dear! And so, you had not time to write me about that pleasant evening. Well, you see it is too late. Idalia had had her prize for a fortnight now, and I hope she liked it. Let my letter go, if you are too busy, and send me one for our motherless Molly.

HERE is Cousin Desire, who says her life is made up of desires and longings. Well, that is natural enough, dear. We are always wanting things, love, pleasure, pretties, are'nt we? and if shortcomings made us look up and on, as you truly say, to completeness, it is all right! About the engagement ring, it makes no difference. Boaz and I were engaged two years, and I had no ring all the time. I did have a fine gold chain and a tiny locket, which I wore under my dress, but I don't think we were any faster engaged after I got the ring than before. Some ladies' won't wear one. Some men never think of getting one. It is however usually provided by the gentleman, as a sort of "marked sold" precaution, just as soon as possible after one says "Yes" to him. Sometimes a young man does not so provide it, either because he cannot afford it or because he wants the lady to have a chance of choosing it herself. I don't think he should neglect it unless for some good reason, though. In regard to the question about the chess men, they are placed as follows: Castle, knight, bishop, etc. The knight between the bishop and the castle.

"PRAY give my love to all the cousins, tell them to think of their French cousin, now and then." Of course, girls, that's Maria she's always loving people, she can't help it, and she hangs out little coaxing signs to make us stop and love her back. I don't know, Maria, just what you ask about the competitions, but I am sure the rules are put for each competition, as plain as can be, you just look them up and see. I hope Gilberte will write. I am getting quite a little *clique* down your way. My love to the dear mother. You know you have got all I can give you, already—you little coaxing creature Good-bye, dear girls.

Cousin Ruth

Home Culture.

VIOLIN PLAYING

This is surely a century of fads. Among the most noticeable of these fads, the violin playing fad for girls has impressed me most during the past winter. Ten or twelve years ago I remember one or two Canadian girls who had enjoyed the advantages of an English education, returned to their native land accomplished fiddlers and created quite a sensation at various entertainments. One fair maiden, who has since married into a distinguished English family, I recall distinctly, gracefully wielding her tuneful bow, in many a Toronto drawing-room. Fiddling was there accepted and admired as an exceptional wit. Now it is adopted and approved, as a natural accomplishment. The study of the violin, however, by women is not so much of an innovation as is generally supposed. As far back as the early part of the eighteenth century a good many lady violinists existed. Principal among these were: Maddelena Sirmen, a very popular pupil ol Tartini; Regina Schlick, a particular friend of Mozart; Louise Gautherot, who made a successful appearance in London in the year 1790; Mrs Sarah Ottey who frequently performed in the metropolis in the years 172,-22; also the Misses Collins who with their father Isaac, the English Paganini as he was called, and their brothers Viotti and George, made several successful tours at the end of the first half of the present century and were well known as the Collins family.

The suitability of the instrument for women is an open question. The most common objection to its use is that it is ungraceful, which depends a good deal upon the woman and her method of treatment. Until recently, the violin has been practically introduced to all but professional performers. It dates it origin to the middle of the sixteenth century when it took its permanent shape and dimensions at the hands of Gasparo di Salo of Bresica. From that time it has not been improved. We may safely assert now that it never will be and cannot be changed for the better. Says a writer in the May Cosmopolitan. "It stands nearer to perfection than any other musical instrument. While many have been modified and modernized and many abandoned and forgotten, the violin alone has held its own from generatian to generation unaltered and unalterable, and why for such a length of time it was regarded as only fit for men, passes comprehension."

THE FIRST STEP.

Materfamilias having made up her mind that her eldest daughter who has shown some taste for music, is not absolutely devoid of ear must follow the fashion, begins to inquire among her friends and acquaintances for a teacher. Now this mistress of the house as well as her lord and master are most likely in blissful ignorance of even the rudiments of fiddling, let me therefore advise them to be careful in their selection of their instructor. How are they to know who is a good or a bad teacher? Exactly, let them therefore seek out some one who is a competent judge and get that individual to recommend a master or a mistress. It is not necessarily the most expensive lessons which are the most profitable. At the same time it is not always advisable to choose the cheapest teacher.

This knotty point settled and the professional secured, the next step is to buy a violin. Most parents labor under the delusion that anything will do for a beginner. This is the greatest mistake it is possible to make. A new violin is one of the most difficult instruments to play on, it is full of peculiarities of speech which the unfortunate beginner will soon find out to her cost. Moreover the novice will soon be discouraged by the recurrence of the "wolf" which is a name given to a note or a series of notes present in every violin, which may be either of incorrect intonation or which come out with a rattle or a squeash. New violins in the hands of beginners are full of these lupine eccentricities, The best plan for one commencing the study of the violin is rather to buy an instrument which has already been played upon, or else to buy a new violin and to affect a temporary exchange with a friend who is more experienced, for an instrument that has been used and whose weakness is known.

SELECTION OF THE FIDDLE.

The best guides in the choice of an instrument are to discard at once and forever, the fine toned violin labeled Stradwarines, and the neatly varnished black case, and to select a fiddle with a wide grain on the top or belly—that is, the side where the finger-board and bridge are. A clear bright varnish will look well, but is no criterion. See also that the finger-board is not too wide for your hand, and that the instrument is not too heavy or too thin, or, on the other hand, too thick to be grasped firmly with comfort by the chin. The great secret about a fiddle is not its crystal varnish or its symmetrical curves, but its suitability to yourself and adaptability to your requirements. The fiddle having been bought the next business is to purchase some strings for it. Thin strings are best for beginners, as they answer more readily to the pressure of the bow than thick ones. Some people will tell you they use nothing but Padua strings, or Italian strings, or German strings, or Anglo-Roman strings. The best advice on the subject is that which tells you to buy what strings you can afford. Never use such strings. True they last well, but as they are rarely used except as E or first strings, the airidity of tone is quite out of proportion to the gut strings Use strings made of silk if you like, but if you do, the A, D and G must be made of the same materials. In buying gut strings be careful to match their proportions well as to size. The D will be the thickest and the others should graduate in thinness. The C or wire-covered string should be a little thicker or about the same size as the A. Thick G strings are not good, as they are apt to be muffled in the upper register of their scale, and to be also somewhat slow of speech. A tin box should be obtained with a tray, in which to keep gut strings, the bottom being kept for wire-covered strings, which should always be kept apart. It is well to keep the gut strings in a piece of oiled paper or silk. Whether you have a string box or not this should always be done.

You will, of course, require a bow. This should be of light weight and evenly balanced. Beware of gorgeously bone fitted and tin mounted bows. Having selected one screw it up to a tight tension and hold it on a level with the eye, in such a manner as to have the length of the stick straight before you. If the line of the stick is not absolutely correct, or if the head is twisted to one side or the other, reject it at once without hesitation. In stringing the violin, if the D and A strings be in three lengths, as they usually are, cut them off so that no ends project from the scroll. Do not cut the E string. This is the most liable to break of all the strings and does most frequently break. If an E string that has been cut into one length breaks in the middle or near the tail piece, the other half is wasted. Therefore it would appear in all reason to be best to put the whole string on, so that it is ready to hand in case of a breakage. The fiddle should always be put away strung up to pitch. If this is not done, and the strings loosened there can be no possibility of their retaining their tension and remaining in tune.

THE RIGHT METHOD.

The style taught in England sufficiently to warrant the title of the English or Carrodus school of playing, instructs the pupil to hold the instrument in such a manner that the scroll is in a direct line as far as possible with the centre of the body. By this means the hand has to go through a greater amount of muscular exertion at the outset, but the extra effort is ultimately attended with the best results. The bow arm gains better control of the instrument and a good round tone is produced without any unnecessary effort. The right elbow cannot possibly be held up in the air, an advantage which should induce every lady performer to hold her fiddle in this excellent manner. The style of sustaining the instrument in front of the player is familiar to all. The real means by which the violin is held are not as generally supposed, the thumb and first finger of the left hand. These merely act as a support to the instrument, while it is substantially held by the chin pressing as it were upon the collar bone. As a method of practice no better advice can be offered than that given by Guiseppe Tartini to his pupil Maddalenia Sirmen, "to exercise herself in a swell upon an open string, beginning pianissimo and increasing by slow degrees to fortissimo as practice for the bow." In order to acquire light pulsation and play of wrist whence velocity in bowing arises, practice every day one of the Allegros in Corelli's solos (the twelve onatas for violin with figured bass for the harpsichord.

E. MOLSON SPRAGGE.

An Ideal Husband.

87 An ideal husband is supposed to be as near perfection as can be found Therefore, he must be good-looking in form and features, neat about his person, social, his head well balanced with common sense, be a *true honest gentleman*; and last but not least, be in love with his wife. Then if he is not an ideal of goodness it would be hard to find one, I think.

88 My idea of what a husband should be. Taller than I, with honest courage showing in look and manner. Morally pure, with no taint of alcohol or tobacco in his system, that his blood may flow cleanly in the veins of our children. Confiding his business results to me often that I may bear the yoke of care equally with him and know how to plan a just limit of expenditures. Cheerfully sympathetic, appreciative of my efforts to please, loving me truly but honor more. Kindhearted, wisely liberal, an accomodating neighbor and business man, in fact, a sincere Christian gentleman. Such a man could I love and serve.

89 My Ideal Husband. A brave noble man firm in purpose, true to his wife, making her his wife in word and deed. A firm temper but not self-willed. Not one to meet troubles half way, but when trouble comes to look and be cheerful and helping his wife to bear them. Just in all his dealings. Be persevering in whatever he undertook to do, one who thinks of his home before other pleasure. A true Christian manly man is my ideal of a good husband.

A PIONEER NEWSPAPER WOMAN. Lady journalists have now become so numerous that they may be interested to hear of the death of a fellow-worker, who was the pioneer of the feminine writers on newspapers in Belgium. Literary work evidently agreed with Mme. Caroline Hopp, for she lived to be eighty-one years of age. She founded *The Journal de Bruges*, the French journal n Flanders, and wrote poetry in her leisure moments.

In The Play Room.

"The childhood shows the man as morning shows the day."—MILTON.

Hazelkirk, editor of this department will be pleased to receive letters from young contributors. Contributions such as puzzles, short stories, poems, etc., will be welcomed. Address "Hazelkirk," in care of this paper.

The New Baby.

Oh, May, what is this,
That opens its eyes,
And calls for a kiss
Such a sweet surprise

It isn't a rabbit,
And can't be a mouse,
And how did it get here,
In mamma's own house?

Now, don't make a noise, Rob
And worry the dear;
A sweet little sister,
A baby is here.

And mamma has told me
It came all alone,
To be our sweet darling
Our pet and our own.

METAGRAM—III.

My first I can best describe
As a member of the feather'd tribe;
But if you will exchange my head,
An animal you'll have instead,
Again, exchange and you will find
That it is used the free to bind.

Mother's Pay.

A little boy on his way to build fires and sweep offices, in Toronto—I am sorry to say—while the stars were yet in the sky, told the writer; "My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, then sends me off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast, and sends them to school, and then she and baby have their breakfast."

How old is the baby?

"O, she is most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

Are you well paid?

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

How much does your mother get?

With a bewildering look he replied, "Mother! Why she don't work for anybody."

I thought you said she worked for all of you.

THE NEW BABY

"O, yes, for us she does, but there ain't any money into that.—we talked on for some little time, then said good morning; the little boy turned and called me and said "I do believe mother ought to have something, I never thought of all she does for us. I'll give her a dollar a week, from this out, and when I get more she shall have half."—The child kept, and still keeps his promise.

Adventures of Two Boys.

One summer, some years ago, a young city lad went to spend the vacation with a school companion, at his home in the country. Henry Grass, the country boy, was a quiet, studious youth, with high expectations of one day becoming a celebrated lawyer, while his city friend, Charles Pansy, was of a dreamy poetic temperament, with a true artist's eye for the beauties of nature.

Henry's home was situated on the picturesque banks of the Upper Ottawa, and many expeditions by land and water these two friends planned. One lovely August day they had an adventure, which has never faded from their minds in all the changes of the passing years, in which the successful lawyer and artist have each obtained his boyhood's dream. Perhaps this adventure will be best described in Charles' own words, in a letter written home shortly after to his fond and doting mother. After a few remarks relating only to matters of home interest, he says:

"Henry and I started for the Sand hills on Friday morning. As we were putting the things into the boat, I happened to let fall the bottle of raspberry vinegar on a large stone on the shore, thereby losing every drop of the precious liquid. The loss of this delicious drink, made by Henry's mother, caused me much sorrow and loss of temper, but not a murmur from my good-natured companion. But alas! this was only the prelude to further mishaps, dire vicissitudes and startling scenes. We rowed for some time, but a controversy with respect to the boat having arisen, and continuing rather stormy, we decided at last to visit the other side of the river, and leave Sand Hills for another day. When we reached the opposite shore we beached the boat and took dinner of some sandwiches, then having rested a little while we shoved off the boat, I, to sketch, and Henry to fish. I managed to get about half of the picture finished when we had to return to shore, and shortly after took tea. Henry, whom I shall now call 'the arguer,' predicted a storm, which was quite obvious from the threating complexion of the heavens. We managed to secrete the different things, but though we endeavored to provide for all contingencies, my sketching paraphenalia received its due share of the rain, but this is a digression let us return. The thunder had been muttering all the while, the unchanged clouds began to scowl with threatening aspect, 'o'er spread heaven's cheerful face,' and cast ominous gloom over the earth and water. Night was fast approaching to wrap all nature in its doleful mantle, as we stood like two poor exiles on some distant shore, awaiting our impending fate, to perish simultaneously or be unexpectedly saved. Boreas still blew and the lowering clouds came travelling on like some demons of Hades, longing to seize their pray, until at last a band 'of blackest midnight' stretched athwart the heavens, extending almost from east to west, and presenting a scene of unparalleled grandeur and terrific fury. Beneath this black belt was one of lighter hue tinged slightly with green and blending into a lighter color as it approached the horizon, all being delicately lighted up by the setting sun. We gazed on this wondrous sight well nigh spell-bound. I thought of my chalks, but they were inadequate to convey to paper that lowering element I longed to be in possession of my paints, but even they would have availed me little as the picture was to transitory. Soon the descending rain admonished us to seek some place of shelter, and having found one free from any hardwood trees, we crouched beneath the partial shelter of some rocks, until the storm should have spent its fury. Finding that the rain still kept on, we seized two blankets and wrapped these around us, we rose from our squatting position still enveloped in this covering, which, though wet conveyed a very tolerable amount of warmth to our bodies. After remaining thus for upwards of fifteen minutes, we sallied forth to replenish our fire, for the wood was still capable of being burnt, having received only a superficial wetting, and we managed to keep a small quantity of it ignited by means of placing over it a small flat stone. Thus ended the first storm, or rather the first part of the storm, for after Jupiter had quieted down his ruffled temper he again seemed to revive and the heavenly artillery thundered on as before.

(*To be continued.*)

Answers to Puzzles.

(*From Last Issue*).

No. 1. WORK SQUARE.

S O A P
O G R E
A R E A
P E A S

No. 2. DIAMOND.

V
T I N
T U N I C
V I N E G A R
N I G H T
C A T
R

No. 3. DIAMOND.

U
O N E
O P I N E
U N I C O R N
E N O D E
F R E
N

No. 4. WORD SQUARE.

A C I D
C E D E
I D O L
D E L L

No. 5. CHARADE—Sea, man, ship—seamanship.

Puzzles.

CHARADE—I.

Five letters do comprise my name,
From every point I'm still the same;
Pray read me, and you'll quickly see
What time will make both you and me.

CHARADE—II.

Of form uncouth, a herd I am complete,
Of which both high and low will deign to eat;
Behead I'm drank, and then curtailed 'tis true,
I'm then what every gamster tries to do.

Culinary.

"Every thing great is composed of many things that are small."—Latin Proverb.

Dainty Ways of Cooking Common Vegetables.

Beetroot is most useful for pickling, mixing with salad, garnishing, and also as a vegetable, but, as a change from the ordinary boiling, try this process: Choose moderate-sized beetroot, avoiding such as do not slightly give to the touch; wash them and wipe them with a clean cloth wrung out of ordinary spirit. Place a thin layer of moistened straw in the oven (which should be sufficiently hot to bake bread); stand the roots on the straw, covering each one with an earthenware jar, and leave them for eight or ten hours without increasing the heat. If possible, let them cool in the oven; when cold, peel and use as required.—*Betteraves Fricassees*: Cut them in slices, put them into a saucepan with butter, onions, parsley, chervil, and chives chopped fine, a taste of garlic, a pinch of flour, some vinegar, salt and pepper, and stew for a quarter of an hour.

Carrots—*a la creme.*—Scrape, wash, and cut them into pieces or slices as desired; boil them in water with salt and pepper; when nearly tender enough, strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfastcupful of thick, fresh cream, with a lump of butter; when this boils, add the carrots and let them simmer for fifteen minutes.

Trim a sufficient number of large leeks, remove the green part, and cut up the rest in two or three pieces; if they seem very strong, scald them in boiling water; if not, simply boil and strain them thoroughly to extract all the moisture. Chop them up, and brown them slightly in butter, flour, salt and pepper, moisten with cream or thick gravy, stir over the fire, and when done thicken with the yolks of two eggs. Serve with fried bread, or with cutlets, or fricandeau.

Turnips—*Navets Farcis*: Peel the turnips, boil them in slightly salted water till they are half done; take them out, slice off a thin bit from the bottom to ensure their standing firmly, and cut a piece off the top; scoop out the middle of the turnips, make a stuffing with minced veal, onions, parsley, a few truffles or mushrooms, and with it fill the turnips; use the slice which was cut off the top as a cover, tie them round with thread, place them in a shallow saucepan, pour over them some boiling broth (gravy is preferable), add a lump of butter, season and let them simmer till quite tender. Take them out, arrange them on a dish, remove the threads, thicken the sauce with the yolk of an egg, pour it over the turnips and serve hot. These will take about two hours.—*Navets a la Poulette*: Cut out little balls with a small-sized vegetable scoop, scald them in boiling water, make a sauce with a lump of butter, a tablespoonful of flour and some good gravy; when it is smooth add the balls, and let them simmer till done; this will reduce the sauce; stir in a teaspoonful of caster sugar, and just before serving thicken with the yolks of three eggs and a little piece of fresh butter.

It may not be out of place to remind the reader of the scrupulous care that is needed, or the washing of all vegetables, rinsing them well both before and after trimming, peeling, or otherwise preparing them. Carrots and turnips in particular should be well rubbed with the hands under water, changing the latter several times; the outer skin leaves the root impregnated with a bitter taste, which can only be obviated in this way; but, above all, they should never be washed after they have been cut or sliced.

Cabbage—*Chou a la Creme:* Cut up the cabbage, not too fine, scald it and partly cook it in salted water—strain very thoroughly; melt some butter in a saucepan, add salt, pepper, flour and a cupful of fresh cream; put in the cabbage, let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour, and serve.—*Chou-rouge au Vin:* Take a fine red cabbage, not too old, slice it very fine, scald it for two minutes in boiling water, and strain thoroughly. Put some bacon, cut in small dice, into a saucepan with a little butter; when quite hot, add the cabbage, and stir in broth or gravy and some French white wine. When quite tender the liquor must have assimilated itself entirely to the vegetable. This dish is often garnished with large, boiled chestnuts.—*Chou-farci:* Trim a large, firm winter cabbage; remove the heart and part of the hard stalk, scald and strain it, put it into cold water and strain again. Have ready some minced veal and bacon (equal quantities), or, if preferred, sausage meat; mix this with pepper, salt, chopped onions, chives and chervil, according to taste, and the yolks of two or three eggs. Place the cabbage carefully in a cloth, and wring the latter to press out all the water without damaging the cabbage, into which put all the stuffing, first filling up the middle, and then inserting some between the larger leaves. Tie this round and round with string, and put it into a saucepan with a bouquet garni, a couple of smoked sausages, onion studded with cloves, carrots, grated nutmeg, peppercorns, and any remains of meat. Cover the cabbage with strips of bacon, moisten freely with good stock and boil for three hours. After this dish up the cabbage, remove the string, take all fat out of the liquor, let it boil up twice, strain it, put it on the fire again to thicken with a little fecula, and pour over the cabbage.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Sunset at Old Point Comfort.

The myriads of gas jets twinkled from dome to base of the far-famed Hygeia Hotel; and the military dash, given by the gay uniforms of the officers from the garrison, lent quite a charming feature to the brillant ball room. Ruth Raynor and I, had enjoyed the season here for only a week, when Lieut C— informed us, that there were great treats in reserve for us, if we were lovers of grand and beautiful scenery, and as we are worshippers of Dame Nature's marvellous offsprings, we agreed upon an early hour for rising on the following morning. And when we gained the broad white shadowy beach, at the appointed hour to witness a sunrise on the great waters, we were already compensated for the sacrifice of a few hours sleep. The eastern sky had grown roseate, and as if some unseen hand were gradually lifting the fringed edge of a gilded canophy and sending its tinted glow out on the deep, broad waters in shifting lights and shades, the tint growing brighter, and brighter, till golden arrows darted up from the oceans breast, and as if to look back the melting drapery, that the great actor might burst forth on the stage, when in an instant, the gorgeous wheel of fire, rolls up out of his bed of sparkling waters, and like some hugh thing of life, flaming and flashing triumphantly from its morning bath. We watched the ocean changed under the magical effect; a moment before, it appeared angry and sullen, now it was one immense body of sparkling jewels. Almost in breathless ecstacy we drank deeply of the pure morning incense, when our companion remarked that when the mighty Giant of Light was about to set, he would like us to decide, which of the two, scenes we thought grander. Therefore when the shadows grew long about the pier, we walked upon the grassy ramparts of the grim old "Fortress Monroe," with its sullen guns peering out from rugged port holes just below and its silent mote, glinding like a stream of silver out to the bay. However we came to see the sunset, from this elevated and commanding point, never did I so heartily wish for language of a poet to describe the poetical beauty before me, where great billows of orange blended with banners of gold, and lay heaped up in the west, gorgeous as a couch of oriental splendor, prepared for the rest of the gods. No color or tint of an artist could duplicate the shifting cloud coverlets and drapery that became dazzling as the sun passed through them to his setting when He had withdrawn his last beam, there was a massive crown of gems, left resting on the horizons brim, where the great Monarch sank to rest: No royal diadem e'er flushed such pure opaline hues or glistening amethyst, while topaz tints settle beside the long line of onyx and pearl; and all blended in a radiant golden setting. The soft glow rested o'er the land and sea, and when we turned our faces away from the after glow, there, all trembling and silvery, hung the pale, new moon like a gilded crescent above the fresh flowing waves of the Bay, shedding a mild lustre, where the fiery Day God's glory-scarce had been withdrawn. I thought of our Heavenly Father's goodness in providing such beauty for the eye of those whose poverty debars them from the sight of the works of the old masters, owned only by the wealthy.

S. C. Booker.

Written for the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

A Trip to Sante Fe.

One's mind naturally turns to Sante Fe, N. M.; the place to which I refer is a small village picturesquely located on the apex of a mountain in a cavity or hollow 8500 feet above sea level in old Mexico. The inhabitants are Aztec Indians about 200 in number presided over by a venerable Italian priest, who is at once law-maker, physician, and spiritual adviser. It happens that the general-in-chief of the Mexican army also lives in this place. We had the pleasure of meeting him while on a visit to that part of the world a few years since, and he invited a party of us to his home and to dine. The trip was a rather tiresome one, directly up the mountain, over rocks and stubble, a trail, no road being made. We were several hours making the journey on mule-back although but a few miles in extent. A fine natural prospect rewarded our efforts, gigantic mountains surpassing each other in grandeur and beauty to the tops of which grow luxuriant foliage. On reaching the summit, before us lay the little hamlet of mud huts and a most primitive condition of living, dress, manners, etc., greeted our civilized eyes. Our host requires a word of notice, his life and career being of the romantic type, in which the dime novel abounds and over which our boys have so often gloated and day dreamed. He is a Mexican, at one time a brigand of the true Claude Duval policy, ever demanding his booty at the point of the pistol, from the rich only, always gentle and considerate of the poor and unfortunate. Some years since, having amassed a competency he retired from his profession, married him a wife and settled upon a farm in this mountain top, where he invited us. A commodious house built of the boulders, conservatories, fine gardens under cultivation, numerous horses, sheep, and 200 Jersey cows, were amongst the features of his possessions up here. He has a large family and holds the position which I have named, bears an honorable name indeed his word is a bond at any time and his credit is above question (his name escapes me just at present). His history had greatly excited our interest and we were much disappointed to find on our arrival that important business had called him from home and we should not see the hero of our expectations at all; he had commissioned his wife and the priest to whom I have referred to receive and entertain us, which was done in true Mexican style, and means royal, lavish hospitality. After a sumptuous dinner and visiting the farm and other interesting features of the place, we were escorted by the inhabitants and a brass band to the church for vespers, the daily occurrence at 4 p. m. This church and its priest are quite as remarkable in their way as the general himself. The edifice built also of the boulders, was his work; and consisted of the assembly hall, organ loft, and three rooms in which he lived, one of which contained a wine press, from which he made most delicious native wine; in the next room was all his paraphernalia for bottling and preserving it, then the one in which he lived, at once sleeping and reception room, furnished with the necessary implements for cooking, an iron bedstead, table, chair, etc., all in the utmost simplicity. Here this scholarly man lives and devotes his time to these poor, ignorant people and fulfils his calling as he understands it. Who's to judge of the reward he is to receive? He built the organ, of course he administers the service, breaking off when he required and playing the musical part on the organ, accompanied by the brass band, returning to resume his place in the chancel. On this occasion Sig. D'Auria played the organ and I sang the mass (organ and band accompaniments); the poor Indians never before having heard a human voice singing were awed to fear and believed they had heard an angel, an experience I shall never forget and that I think has fallen to few singers. So ended a day that has hung a picture in my store house of memory ever to be cherished.

Popularity of Black.

It is an interesting and anomalous fact that as black becomes more disliked and discarded for mourning wear, young people, becomes more pronounced. A few years ago anyone wearing black at a wedding would have been regarded as a bird of ill omen, but present Lady Dudley, at her wedding, in a daring disregard of old-time superstitions, surrounded herself with bridemaids wearing nodding funeral plumes on their big black Tuscan straw hats, and drove away in a traveling-gown of gray whose "points," if one may be allowed the term, were black. Since every one must wear the somber color, let fair women hereby know that they will look younger and fairer in dead, lusterless materials like wool or velvet, while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk to wear black to advantage.

Every one must remember, too, that cheap black is an abomination in the eyes of men and a vexation to the soul of women. It will not wear and does not pay. Another thought in this connection: The black hat is to be supplemented with a cream veil of sprigged lace, which will be distractingly becoming to brunette beauty. Swagger girls are going without candy now for the sake of having the genuine point d'Alencon veiling, but only a connoisseur could distinguish the difference between the real thing and the Brussels net imitation. So firm a hold have these veils taken on the other side that a woman inquiring in a small Brussels shop for a black veil was told loftily "that a black veil was now so *demode* that madame must try elsewhere if she would procure one."

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the Ladies Pictorial Weekly. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

Agnes.—A carved cross on a board covered with purple velvet with a ring to hang on the wall; a daily text book, a roll to hang up with a verse for everyday of the year. A rosary, a little ivory tablet and pencil. Any of these would I think be acceptable to sister Mary.

Edna.—Dr. Ryerson. I should certainly not delay having the growth checked. It must be most uncomfortable.

Jennet.—A girl of seventeen, tall and slim, should wear her dresses well below her ankles. I should think cadet blue, fawn, *Eau de Nile* green or pale grey would suit.

Jackson.—A tercentenary is the three hundredth anniversary. For instance, Trinity College, Dublin, was founded in 1592, and this year holds tercentenary. The Centennial was the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence. It was held in 1879, at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. That city was chosen on account of association. There is the old Liberty Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed. Canada's centennial will be in 1967. We are only 25 years a Dominion.

Mavis.—The bird is a throstle or a song thrush; its song is very sweet and clear; it is not a rare bird.

Queriest.—The word junket, meaning a feast of dainty food, is taken from the Italian word *giuncato*, a cheese made and served in a reed basket, and from the Latin *juncus*, a rush; it has lost its special meaning and now denotes any delicacy. Sometimes it is applied to a Devonshire dish made of loppered milk, sugar and rum, and very popular there.

Manual.—The word is the same, but has nothing to do with the organ. A Manual is a bank of keys. It is also the Romish Service Book, or any little book which can be carried in the hand. Manual exercise is really the military term for musketry and other drills. Yes, it is confusing to a foreigner.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

482 Strong intuitive perception, attention to detail, penetration, pride, sincerity and originality, which is exaggerated into eccentricity by the love of effect and self assertion which are also characteristics of this specimen. There is also interest in the opposite sex, strong will, and egotism.

483 This example shows impressionability, impulse vivacity, an inclination to lavishness in money matters, no excess of sincerity, an obstinate will, and a generally uncultured and undisciplined mind. The subject is disposed to be affectionate, but rather self-centred.

484 Study signifies an extremely ardent and tenderly affectionate nature. The correspondent is impulsive and so candid as to be almost incautious. Deductive and intuitive judgment are to be traced, with simplicity of mind, clearness of ideas, and romance of feeling.

"Six Weeks on a Dahabeah."

A Nile voyage on a Dahabeah is so peculiar, and is really such a delightful method of passing a winter, that it will be well to say a little concerning our boat. It is about 110 feet long and 18 broad in the centre, with a flat bottom and no keel. In the bow is the cook's cubby with a large range open to the weather forward. Behind it stands the mast fifty feet high, and on the top of it is lashed the slender yard, which is a hundred and thirty feet long and hangs obliquely. The enormous, triangular sail stretches the length of the yard, and it's point is hauled down to the deck. When it is shifted, the rope is let go leaving the sail flapping, the end of the yard is carried round the mast, and the sail is hauled round in the opposite direction with an enormous amount of pulling, roaring, jabbering and chorusing. The flat, open forward deck is capable of accomadating six rowers on a side. For us it will not be necessary, excepting the last day of our trip. We have had a tug attached all the time, which is of great assistance, especially in a head wind, in fact, under all circumstances making the trip more expedient.

The cabin is divided into a pantry and dragoman's room, a large saloon used as a dining-room, furnished with side-boards, tables, chairs, divans, mirrors, brackets and piano, and lighted by laage curtained-windows close together. Next are rows of bedrooms and bathrooms on either side of a passage, which leads from the main saloon to a good-sized stern cabin made comfortable by divans, card-tables, etc., used by us as a reading-room, but could be converted into a large, airy, double bed-room. A door from this opens on to a small stern deck, behind which are tied two boats, one containing our live stock, chickens, pigeons, turkeys and occasionally a lamb; the other the "felucca," or row-boat, a very useful addition. Over all these rooms runs the deck, mounted by a couple of stairways, which has tables, sofas, chairs and an awning, making an excellent place for exercising. The aft part is devoted to the steersman, and some of the sailors. The steering apparatus is of the rudest, the very long tiller goes into a stern-post, which plays in a hole big enough for four of it and creakingly turns a rude rudder.

ALICE S. MILLIGAN.

The boat is manned by twenty-five sailors, jolly, hard-working and irresponsible, whose appearance in their blue gowns and white turbans, with complexions shading from brown to black, give us a good idea of the features of the natives from Lower Egypt to Nubia. Every evening before sunset they got out their musical instruments, and squatting in a circle on the forward deck, prepare to enjoy themselves. One thumps and shakes the tambourine, one softly beats with his thumb the darabooka drum, and another rattles castanets. The others beat time by a jerky motion of the raised hands, the palms occasionally coming together when the rhythm is properly accented. The leader, who has a very good tenor voice, chants a minor and monotonous love-song, to which the others respond either in applause of the sentiment, or in a burst of enthusiasm which they cannot contain.

The *reias* (captain) Mohammed is a stately Arab in an orange colored gown, covered in cool weather with a full, long-sleeved black cloak, large turban and stocking-feet. The cook, Mahtuk, is always at his post, and no matter what excitement we may be in, stirs his soup, or bastes his chicken with perfect *sang froid*. The waiter, with his two lieutenants, delight one's eyes in their Oriental costumes, and last but not least, our worthy dragoman, Mohammed Saggar from Alexandria, who wears the full, bright-colored trousers of the East, resembling a divided skirt, gay waistcoat, cashmere belt, European overcoat, red fez ornamented by heavy black silk tassel and scarlet slippers; good-natured, bright, straightforward, bubbling over with good humor, regaling one from time in his amusing way with experiences and Arabian tales.

Almost as soon as we were on board, the sail was loosed, we heard a chorus of "Halee, halee, halee," and the crew scrambled on deck to haul tight the sail with the cry "Yah Mohammed," and thus commenced our trip from Cairo to Philæ. The tug for the first few days was not the assistance we found it to be later, the wind being in our favor, we skimmed along at a pleasant rate, the trading and cargo boats, before and behind us, looking like winged birds with their double sails. Scenes glide past us on either sides never twice alike the combinations vary; the row, of palms, the green fields, lessening minarets, groups of idlers in flowing raiment, picturesque in any attitude they may assume, the depths of the blue above and the transparent soft air; now the desert comes near, then recedes, the mountains advance in bold precipices, or fall away, everything seems shifting. Sometimes we pass a dahabeah, long, handsomely painted, with an enormous sail on its yard, a national flag and a long streamer, groups of white people sitting on deck, under the awning, reading or sketching; the usual salute follows, and nearly always an enthusiastic waving of handkerchiefs. Often a steamer rushes past us, panting and palpitating in its hurry, should it be a post-boat and has letters for us, a sign is given, and our felucca, rowed by six men, at once makes for it, the steamer stopping till it is reached, but just as soon as our men have been given whatever it has for us, off it steams. We pass brown villages made of bricks of the Nile mud, many of the roofs covered only with corn-stalks; we stop and take a peep at one of the Khedive's largest sugar factories at Rhoda; sail past a clean white-washed row of almost modern looking houses, flanked by groves of palm trees, men busy at work, women washing clothes in the river, or groups of them filling their goolahs (water-jars). These country women are invariably in black or dark brown; they are not veiled, but draw their head shawl over the face as our boat passes them. Their long gowns are drawn up exposing bare feet and legs as they step into the stream, children, bright and smiling, hoot "backsheesh," (pennies or gifts) after us, while the poor little babies, their eyes plastered with flies, predict for the future more ophthalmic beggars; almost all are poor on these banks, but interesting at every turn. The Nile is no ordinary river. It will lead us thousands of years backwards, in the ages, into the depths of history.

We visit tombs and temples at Beni, Hassen, Asioot, Abydos, Denderah, Tuxor, Esneh, Edfoo, El Kab, Kom Ombos, and Philæ. It would take pages and pages to describe even in the simplest manner the wonders of the pylons, columns, capital, cells, sanctuaries, stairways and crypts, all take you two, three, four and five thousand years back into the mysteries past. We examined the Colossi and obelisks of ancient Thebes (Tuxor), and later on looked upon the ancient quarries of Silsilis and Syene, from which were hewn those huge figures and monuments of the ancient Egyptians. Just at the moment perhaps, when one is meditating, endeavoring to lose identity and get into a proper classical frame of mind, one is interrupted by one of the greatest nuisances of Egypt—the vendor—usually plural, of antiquities. Their presence is destructive to one's peace of mind, especially should it be accompanied by the never ceasing native cry of "Backsheesh, backsheesh!"

Assioot, noted for its tombs in the mountains, is a large city celebrated for its red pottery, mosques and bazaars, but above all the American mission. The mission school was formerly under the Rev. John Hogg and his wife, with assistants. Mr. and Miss Hogg, son and daughter, still continue the work with others. Dr. Alexander is now at the head. The students, Copts, and Mohomedans come from all parts of Upper Egypt, boys and girls, many are boarders. They study English, history, mathematics, etc., but above all learn order and cleanliness, which seems to be an almost unknown accomplishment on the Nile. At Es-neh on our way to the temple we were followed by several boys with books under their arms. Two were anxious to know the difference between "house and home," "bonnet and hat." They like to talk with visitors as it assists them in the language. They were most affable in answering our queries.

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Here and There.

A PROPHECY.

Dashaway—There's one thing about it—I'll never marry a girl who doesn't dress well.

Cleverton.—But suppose you can't afford to keep it up. What then?

Dashaway.—She won't be so poor as all that.

DIDN'T KNOW IT'S BUSINESS.

Rowne De Bout.—I hear you have been ill.

Howell Gibbon.—Yes; bwain fever.

Rowne de Bout.—No! brain fever! You don't say. (Pause.) Well, it got left that time

THE FLAVOR OF DECEIT.

Mr. Broadwater (the banker)—Dey's cheatin' goin' on!

Mr. Knight.—Cheatin'?

Mr. Broadwater.—Yassir! da's whad'r said.

Mr. Knight.—How's you gwine t' prove it?

Mr. Broadwater.—Dem lozzenger chips of mine am all pe'pmint an' I jess smelt sassafrash. Da's how I pvoves it.

HE BEAT THE TATTOO.

Reporter—Great fun up at the dime museum to-night—the one legged drummer run a race with one of the freaks.

Sporting Editor—Look at the heading.

NO ASSISTANCE.

Scene, the club at 5 p m.

Cholly (meditatively)—By Jove! I wish I knew what Kitty Keene would say if I should ask her to marry me.

Holly (with a tone of bitter reminiscence)—I could tell you what she said to me when I did if it would help you any, old fellah!

DISCOURAGED THE AGENT.

"I've got a washing-machine here," began the inventor.

The capitalist looked at him in the cold calculating manner common to capitalists and answered: "Well, if I were you, I'd run right home and use it."

That night the Anarchist band received another application for membership.

TANGLED.

Sobersides (in charge of his friend.)—Now, then, look where you step!

Boozer.—Tha' (hic) tha's jus the trou (hic) ble; I can't step where I look.

HASTY.

Mary.—If Missus don't withdraw what she said to me I shall leave the house.

Thomas.—What did she say?

Mary—She said, I give you a month's notice!

GOSSIP AT THE POKER PARTY.

Mr. Fred Winston.—Burton's always late. Here we've been waiting for him for an hour.

Miss Creamer.—That isn't a circumstance to that Miss Frankfurt's annoyance. She's been waiting for him for over three years.

OF COURSE NOT.

"I wonder if the little speckled hen laid an egg yesterday?" said Mrs. Rumso.

"Why, no, mamma," replied Freddy; "yesterday was Sunday."

DIDN'T DARE DO IT.

Mrs. Bingo—Your new dress trousers are ruined. I hung them out in the back yard to air, and some boys threw snowballs at them all the afternoon.

Bingo—Why in thunder didn't you go out and stop them?

Mrs. Bingo—I couldn't very well. They were relatives of the servant girl.

KNEW IT WAS THERE.

Lady—Have you any nice, mild cheese?

Mr. Kaiserchintz (grocer)—Yah, I guess you schmel him before you come in alretty, eh?

Mrs Peastraw—Johnny, you stop sliding down that board or I'll whip you.

Johnny—I won't.

Mrs Peastraw—You stop or I'll—I'll cut your hair.

Johnny (stopping)—Yes ma'am.

Gargoyle—Who is your favorite poet?

Cummey—Rider Haggard.

Gargoyle—He doesn't write poetry at all.

Gummey—I know that.

Canadian Skill and Enterprise.

The LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, since its establishment, a couple of years ago, has made rapid advancement, and is now read in nearly 30,000 Canadian homes weekly. Our clientele is a fastidious one—the ladies of Canada—requiring at our hands a neat and clean publication, mechanically and otherwise. The type used is the product of the Toronto Type Foundry, and notwithstanding the severe usage to which it has been subjected in printing such a large edition, it looks actually as well to-day, as when it was put in new. Our printing is done by means of what is technically known as "hard packing," at the utmost speed of the printing press, and to withstand such a strain, it is evident that a metal of extreme toughness—hard, yet not brittle—is necessary. The distinguishing characteristics of Toronto type, are clearness of impression, accuracy of body and remarkable durability. The appearance of the LADIES' PICTORIAL is certainly a high testimonial for home manufactures in the type line, and fully justifies the faith of its publishers in the belief that Canadian skill and enterprise is able at all times to produce the best of everything the country requires.

Sunlight * Soap

—DOES AWAY WITH—

THE ✧ TERRORS ✧ OF ✧ WASHDAY.

It brings Ease and Comfort and does away with hard rubbing, tired backs, sore hands, hot steam and smell.

Very little of SUNLIGHT will do a great deal of work, hence it is not only the best but the cheapest soap to buy. TRY IT. 20-tf

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

What They Say.

BISHOPSTOWE, LONDON.

"I wish you every success in your efforts to place good and useful reading before your subscribers." THE BISHOP OF HURON.

WOODSTOCK, April 10th 1892.

"Accept my thanks for copies of Ladies' Pictorial Weekly which I received. The likeness is admirable and in marked contrast to many of the attempts we see in other papers."

Rev. W. T. MCMULLEN.

"I do think your journal a credit to you."

MRS. DOBBIN, Montreal.

WE take pleasure in drawing attention to an advertisement of the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby, to be found in another column. The college is generally regarded as being one of the most efficient and progressive institutions in this country. All needed information can be obtained from the Rev. Dr. Hare, principal.

"LOVE will come in love's own time," warbles a poet. Love reminds us so much of the hotel waiter.

EDITOR (to sick reporter)—Are you going to die, Hook?

COPPE HOOK.—I'm afraid so, sir.

EDITOR.—If you do, try to get an interview with Dickens as soon as you arrive, on Howells' criticisms of his novels; and do your best to get it through to us.

The Honorable Adolphus, sitting in his new hundred guinea sable lined coat.

His niece, Nellie, aged seven.—"Uncle Dolly, I'm going to ask a great favor. Kitty and I are going to have *tableaux vivants*—she's to be the Beauty, and will you kindly lend me your coat to make a Beast of myself in?"

Taggart

Quality * Pays.

Influenced by sharp competition, manufacturers are cheapening quality, and using inferior material to save money

We will not purchase goods other than the Best in Quality and Material. "Taggart's" Watches are first-class, accurate "Timekeepers," fitted in perfect finished cases, and people are finding it out. We are selling this month

✧ FOR $5 00. ✧

Our No. 50 Ladies' Silver Watch, open face, Coin Silver Case, Hand Engraved Landscape, Gold Inlaid, Stem Wind and Stem Set, fitted with a reliable Jewelled Movement, guaranteed and kept in repair for five years, free of charge. Sent postpaid to any address upon receipt of price, $5.

A suitable Sterling Silver Victoria Fob Chain, with Pendant Charm Attachment, supplied for $1 extra, with the above watch.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue Album of 208 pages. A complete Buyers' Guide, containing the information you require in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Art Goods, Guns, Bicycles, Athletic Requisites. Price, 50 cents.

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.,

89 King Street West,

TORONTO, - - - - CANADA.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

$12 per week is paid expert lady operators on the REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER.

If you have ground education it will pay and practise. Books of Directions and Instructions accompany each machine.

work of good English you to rent a machine

TYPEWRITERS SENT TO ANY PART OF ONTARIO.

17-7in

Geo. Bengough, 10-12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

HEADACHE CURED IN 20 MINUTES BY Alpha Wafers

OR MONEY REFUNDED. Purely Vegetable, Perfectly Harmless and Pleasant to take. For Sale by all Druggists, PRICE 25 Cts.

For sale in Toronto, by Alex. McLaren, 181 King St. W., and Neil C. Love, 166 Yonge St.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

Lady Agents Wanted. Special inducements now. Good pay weekly. Experience unnecessary. Pleasant light work. Can devote all or part time. Terms and outfit free. Brown Bros. Co., Toronto.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. Nearly 500 ladies and gents want correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, Toledo, Ohio

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

CRAYON PORTRAITS FREE FOR 30 DAYS.

In order to introduce our high-class Crayon Portrait Works we will make a life-size genuine crayon portrait free of charge, in consideration that you buy a frame of us. This is a bona fide offer. We sell you a frame, best quality gilt and combination, from $1.95 to $5, about one-half the price you pay in other stores. Call or write us at once; this offer is good for only 30 days.

THE DOMINION PORTRAIT CO.,

3 Gerrard East, - - - - Toronto, Ontario.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 23-6in

Ladies to Introduce

Our Designs in

✧REAL HAND PAINTING✧

We will mail a lovely, useful design for a Cushion Top for 10 cents.

Our Prices will SURPRISE YOU,

Being so low; but we guarantee you will be delighted with our Wall Panels, Bracket Drapes, Table Scarfs, etc. Don't delay in sending for SAMPLES and PRICES. We supply beautifully painted pieces to be made up by SPECIAL ORDERS. Address,

THE LADIES ART SUPPLY CO., Toronto, Ont.

☞ Lady Agents Wanted. 18-13in

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

SPECIAL OFFER.

In order to introduce our

Inhalation - Treatment

We will cure cases of

✧ CATARRH ✧

Free of all charge. All that we ask in return is that each patient, when cured, will recommend the treatment to other sufferers. For free cure apply without delay. We have hundreds of testimonials from all parts of Canada. In no form of disease is the wonderful potency of Medical Inhalation better seen than in the treatment of Catarrh. By means of the

GERMICIDE INHALER

We send the proper medicinal agents directly to the seat of the disease, destroying in a short time all ulceration and inflammation. Under its influence the irritated surface is soothed and healed, and the discharge rapidly diminishes. This seems too good to be true, but true it is, as hundreds in all parts of Canada can testify. What more rational method can there be of reaching and healing the diseased air-passages than by the use of the proper medical and chemical substances inhaled into the cavities. Those who prefer to write to some of the patients who have been cured can correspond with the following: Rev. J. S. Norris (late of Toronto), now pastor of First Congregational Church, Parkersburg, Iowa; Mr. Douglass, conductor, 11 Ontario street, Toronto; Mr. T. Mills, 29 Christopher street, Toronto; Mr. W. Fever, surveyor, 800 Seaton street, Toronto; Mr. J. A. McNair, Schau, Ont. Enclose a three cent stamp for reply. In the past two years we have treated over 300 cases of Catarrh free of all charge. It has paid us well. Neighbor tells neighbor, and friend tells friend of our success. If you have Catarrh do not fail to call or write. Address:

MEDICAL INHALATION CO.,

286 Church Street, - - - - Toronto, Ont.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 19-tf

SILK SATIN and PLUSH REMNANTS for Crazy Patch. A large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted colors, 10c; 3 pkgs. 25c. A large pkg., all colors, embroidery silk, 20c. Sheet of crazy stitches and 32 p. cat. of fancy work with every order. Canada currency, silver or stamps taken. LADIES' ART CO., Box 897, St. Louis, Mo. 18-1yr

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES DYSPEPSIA

By acting upon the liver, stomach and bowels and purifying the blood, it removes every particle of the foul, impure or morbid matters which obstruct the proper working of the digestive organs and cause dyspepsia. This explains why B.B.B. succeeds in curing even the most obstinate cases.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES CONSTIPATION

By regulating the bowels and removing all foul accumulations, it promptly and permanently cures this disease no matter of how long standing the case may be. B.B.B. acts in a natural, thorough and pleasant manner, never causing nausea or griping.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES BILIOUSNESS

By regulating and toning the liver and removing excess of bile, this distressing disease, which is the frequent cause of sick headache, dizziness, etc., is cured without fail. No remedy has ever performed so many permanent cures in the same space of time as has B.B.B.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

CURES SCROFULA.

This scourge of humanity arises chiefly from bad blood, for which B.B.B. has proved itself the most successful remedy of modern times. It completely frees the blood of every impurity, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore. Pimples, blotches, boils, rashes, eruptions, sores, etc., vanish at once before the wonderful purifying powers of B.B.B.

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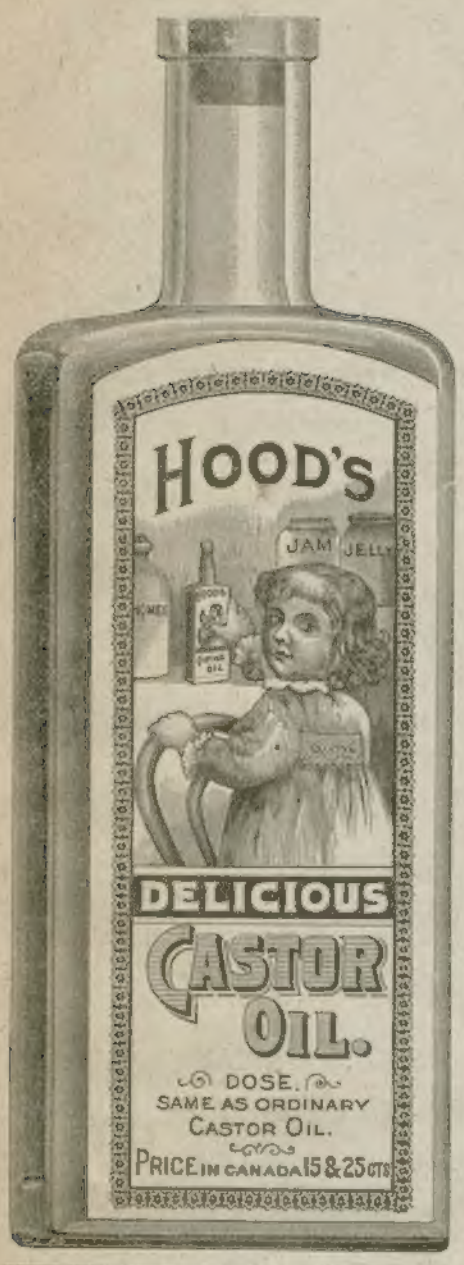
TO THE MOTHERS OF CANADA!



The Proprietors of

HOOD'S DELICIOUS CASTOR OIL.

Wish to acquaint you with a few facts in reference to this preparation. Knowing the value of Castor Oil as a medicine, peculiarly adapted to the troubles of children and women, induced many of our leading chemists, to, if possible, overcome the disagreeable and nauseous taste of it, and after years of careful research and experimenting, one of the number has succeeded in making Castor Oil, not only palatable, but pleasant to take, without in the least degree altering the essential qualities of the Oil.

What We Claim For It, and Why you Should Use It.

1. **As a Cathartic,** peculiarly adapted to the troubles of women and children, it is pleasant to take, mild and healing, yet speedy in its action. Absolutely safer, and much more preferable than any Patent Medicine or Soothing Syrups.
2. It is virtually **Pure Castor Oil** as it contains **99 per cent.** of the **finest Castor Oil procurable.**
3. **No Trouble to Administer,** the little folks being particularly fond of it, as it is just what the name implies **"Delicious."**
4. Contains no ***Chloroform, Glycerine,*** or any ***injurious ingredients.***
5. Will not turn rancid in any climate.

THE OIL SO PREPARED WILL BE SOLD AS

HOOD'S DELICIOUS CASTOR OIL

(PATENT APPLIED FOR)

In order to more effectually introduce this preparation, and give all who wish an opportunity to test its merits, the proprietors will furnish sample bottles on application by mail or otherwise.

Try It ? You will be Pleased with the Results.

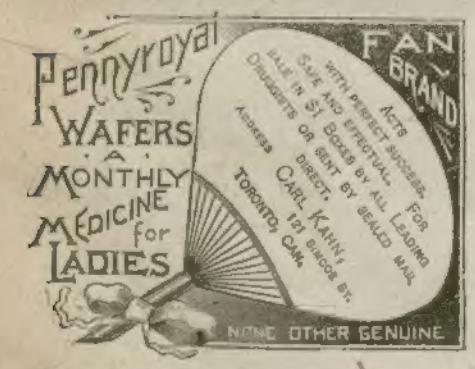
PRICE IN CANADA 15 AND 25 CENTS.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND DRUGGISTS.

WM. HOOD & CO., - - - Sole Proprietors,

48 AND 50 LOMBARD ST. TORONTO, ONT.

21-1t Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.



Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly. 19-1oin

—ONTARIO— LADIES' COLLEGE, —WHITBY,—

Provides a full University Course through to the Junior Year, all the Teacher's Certificates, and the most advanced instruction in Piano, Violin, Pipe Organ, Voice and Harmony; also Fine Art, Elocution and Commercial Branches. Only gifted specialists employed. Unusually elegant buildings, inviting grounds and healthful surroundings. Apply for information to 21

PRINCIPAL HARE, Ph. D.

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE.

IF you are one of the bright ones and can read the above rebus you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble. The proprietor of **THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY** offers either a first-class **Upright Piano** or a cheque for **Three Hundred Dollars** to the person who sends the first correct solution of the above rebus, a reward of a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear Rings** for the second correct solution, a complete **Business Education** at a Commercial College for the third correct solution: a solid **Gold Watch** for each of the next three correct solutions, a **Silk Dress** pattern (16 yards in any color) for each of the next five correct solutions, an elegant **Diamond Brooch** (solid gold) for each of the next ten.

Every one sending a solution must enclose with the same ten three cent stamps (or 30 cents in silver) for one month's trial subscription (five copies) to **THE LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY,** *Canada's high-class, illustrated newspaper.* The envelope which contains correct solution bearing first postmark will receive first reward, and the balance in order as received.

For the correct solution received last is offered a **Swift Safety Bicycle** valued at $140, for the next to the last will be given a pair of genuine **Diamond Ear Rings,** for the third, fourth and fifth from the last will be awarded an elegant solid **Gold Watch;** to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth from the last will each be awarded either a **Silk Dress** pattern (16 yards in any color) or a **Swiss Music Box,** playing six pieces.

If there should be as many as one hundred persons sending correct solutions to this rebus, each will be rewarded with a valuable **Prize.** Names of those receiving leading rewards will be published in prominent newspapers throughout Canada.

Extra premiums will be offered to all who are willing to assist in increasing the subscription list of this popular illustrated weekly. The object in offering this prize rebus is to attract attention to and introduce our publication. **It should not be classed with catch-penny affairs.** You can easily ascertain as to our reliability by inquiring through any commercial agency. **Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards.** All solutions must be mailed on or before June 1st, 1892. Address:

LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, - (33) TORONTO, CANADA.

☞ Cut the above advertisement out.

—WHAT— EVERYONE - IS - LOOKING - FOR

Is a good Piano or Organ at a moderate price and on easy terms of payment.

WE CAN FURNISH

Just such a desideratum, and from two sources of supply. First of all we have generally on hand a varied stock of

STEINWAY, CHICKERING, FISCHER, HARDMAN,

And other Pianos, taken in part payment on new instruments of our own make. They are in good order, and can be sold at prices from $100 to $200, on terms of $5 to $8 per month.

KARN, BELL, MASON & HAMLIN,

And other Organs in fair order at from $50 to $90 —all slightly used.

Our Second Source of Supply

Is in our famous

MASON & RISCH STYLE "A"

Upright Solid Walnut Pianos—7 1-3 Octave—our regular selling price for which is $350, with stool and cover, but we will make a special reduction to anyone mentioning this paper.

OUR $90.00 CORNWALL ORGAN,

Style 191, at $5 per month, is creating a sensation. It is an 11-Stop Organ, with four sets of reeds, solid case, 6 feet high, with plate glass mirrors, and is offered at this special price for two months in order to introduce this beautiful new design.

☞ More expensive goods always on hand to suit customers who desire special instruments.

MASON & RISCH.

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AN ARTISTIC NATURE.

Mr. Apington—I don't like to read Dickens, because I am afraid I should grow so familiar with those beastly cads, don't you know, that when I saw them in real life I should not be properly shocked.

SCRIBBLER.—Good morning sir. A week or so ago I submitted to you a manuscript entitled "The Injustice Done to Authors."

EDITOR.—Yes, I remember it.

SCRIBBLER.—When I wrote that I was fired with an impulse I could not resist.

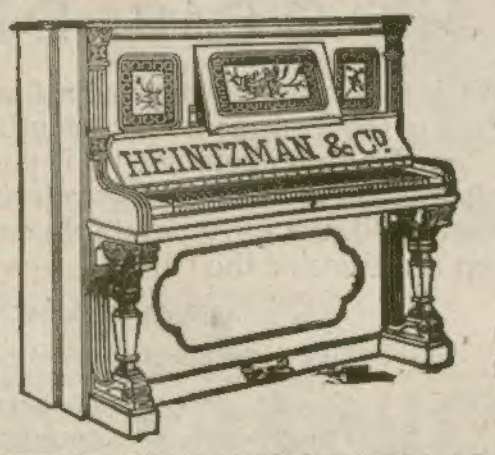
EDITOR.—So was the manuscript- sir.

HEINTZMAN & Co

PIANO-FORTES.

These instruments have been before the public for nearly forty years, and upon their excellence alone have attained an

UNPURCHASED PRE-EMINENCE.



We also beg to announce to the musical public that we have just taken the Agency for the

CELEBRATED

NEW YORK WEBER PIANO,

Samples of which we have now on Exhibition in our Warerooms.

WHICH ESTABLISH THEM AS

Unequaled in Tone, Touch, Workmanship & Durability.

HEINTZMAN & CO., WAREROOMS: 117 KING ST. W., TORONTO. FACTORY: WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.

Catalogues Sent Free on Application.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

IF YOU HAVE A Cold TAKE ME

Sold by all DRUGGISTS

PRICE 35 CENTS

EXQUISITE NOVELTIES FOR Fancy Work.

ROYAL CANADIAN

SACHETS.

ARBUTUS. INDIA LILAC.
PEAU D'ESPAGNE. RUSSIA LEATHER.

Elegant Envelope Sachets (4¾ x 3¾ inches) 15 cents each or two for 25 cents. If not procurable in your locality will be mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

HAIR! NO HAIR!

LADIES WHO ARE ANNOYED WITH HAIR on their Face, Neck and Arms have a simple and perfectly harmless method for removing by using

MEYER'S LIQUID DEPILATORY

The Best, the Safest, and the Quickest Depilatory ever known.

All superfluous hair, down or beard, is infallibly eradicated without producing the least sensation, leaving no trace whatever on the skin.

PRICE: $1.00 Per Bottle.

Can be sent by mail at an additional cost of SIX CENTS.

LYMAN, SONS & CO.,

(Agents for Meyer, Chemiste de Paris.)

MONTREAL.

Mention the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P.O. address.

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Mention the Ladies Pictorial Weekly.

New English Perfume.

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(Malus Coronaria.) Extra Concentrated.

"It is the daintiest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris and New York.—[The Argonaut.

Put up in 1, 2, 3 and 4 ounce bottles.

Made only by the

Crown Perfumery Co.,

177 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON

Genuine only with Crown Stoppers as shown above. Sold everywhere. 500,000 bottles of our Lavender Salts and Crab Apple Blossom sold during the past year.

Mention the Ladies' Pictorial Weekly.